Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

MARCH

10¢

JOAN TETZEL
Heard as Lucy
Woman of Courage
over CBS
Fiction story in
this issue

THE BARTONS — SEE THEM AS THEY REALLY ARE IN BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS

INNING

The Story of MARY MARLIN — Thrilling Serial of Dangerous Love

Know the Thrill a Lovelier Skin can Brinq You . .

Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET !

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists —praised by lovely brides!

LIKE thousands of other brides whose lovely complexions surely qualify them as beauty experts, Mrs. Conner is devoted to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. You, too, can follow her way to greater loveliness!

No woman's skin can be truly beautiful if, unknowingly, she mars it through improper cleansing. Or if she uses a soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Conner's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "I wouldn't think of neglecting my 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine," she says.

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild* —it's actually milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to go on the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet without delay.

Put your complete trust in Camay. For 30 days use it faithfully night and morning. Your skin will feel fresher at once. And as the days go by you can reasonably expect to see your skin lovelier . . . more appealing.

This charming bride is Mrs. Charles H. Conner, Jr. of Charlotte, N. C., who says: "I don't believe in keeping secrets when it comes to my beauty care. Whenever people admire my complexion I tell them about the 'Mild-Soap' Diet and what a wonderful help it has been."

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the "Mild-Soap" Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS . . . LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

Trade-Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

you can steal your own Show—if your Smile is Right!

Brighten your teeth and help give your smile a flashing sparkle—with Ipana and massage.

YOU THINK beauty is all-important? Well—look around you, plain girl! Just look at those who are wearing solitaires...getting bridal showers...being married!

Are they all beautiful? No, indeed! *But they all know how to smile!* Theirs are not timid smiles, self-conscious and shy—but big, warm, heart-winning smiles that say: "I'm glad to be alive!"

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* You can steal your own show if your smile is right. You can win what you want of life. For heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl with the winning smile.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—
A warning Signal

If you want bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show, remember this: *Gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, make a date to *see your dentist at once!* His verdict may simply be that your gums are spongy, tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

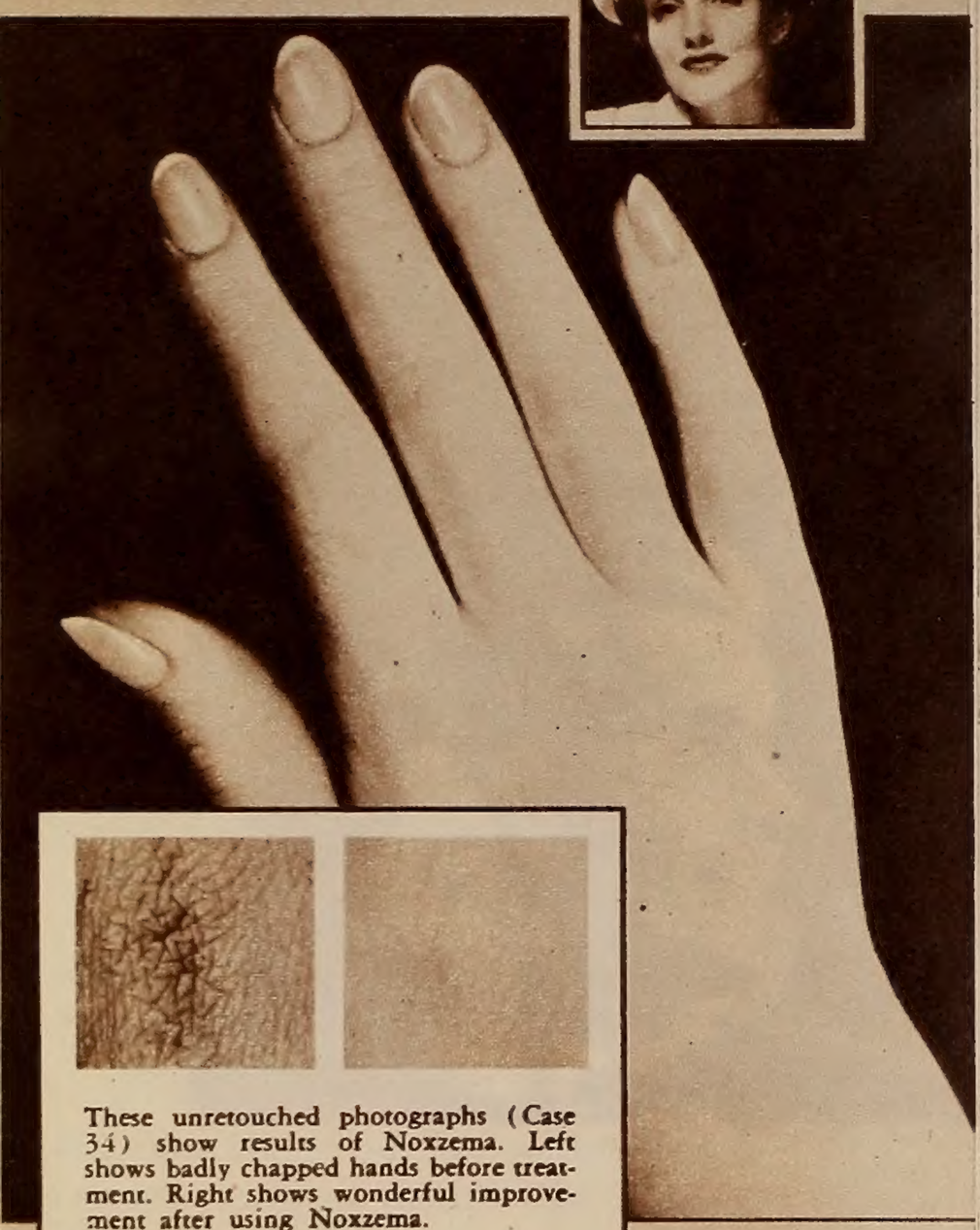
Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today!

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

CHAPPED HANDS HEAL FASTER...

ACCORDING TO ACTUAL TESTS WITH NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM



These unretouched photographs (Case 34) show results of Noxzema. Left shows badly chapped hands before treatment. Right shows wonderful improvement after using Noxzema.

With Noxzema, definite improvement in red, rough, chapped hands is often seen *overnight!* That's because this famous *medicated* cream helps soften dry, rough skin; aids in healing tiny skin "cuts."

SAVE ON STOCKINGS. Guard against snagging precious stockings. Help keep *your hands and feet* soft, smooth—with Noxzema!

Let Noxzema help you all these ways this winter

WINDBURN, CHAPPED LIPS... Noxzema brings quick, soothing relief to red, rough, painfully windburned skin and ugly chapped lips. *Mary Richardson of St. Paul, Minn., says:* "I use Noxzema on my face to help protect my skin against winter winds and to soothe it *after* exposure."

FROST BITE, CHILBLAINS, PAINFULLY CHAFED SKIN. Noxzema brings grand relief! *Mrs. Harriette Eddy, of Minneapolis, writes:* "Every winter I suffered from Chilblains. After one application of Noxzema I felt a cool, soothing comfort I'd never known!"

POOR COMPLEXION. Try medicated Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes; for skin reddened, roughened and "dried out" from winter winds. See for yourself how quickly this soothing cream helps improve your complexion!

SPECIAL OFFER. Here's your opportunity to find out how much Noxzema can do for *you!* For a limited time you can get the 25¢ jar at any drug or cosmetic counter—FOR ONLY 19¢! Get your jar *today!*

March, 1942

Radio and Television Mirror

Vol. 17, No. 5

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Never TRY TO GET EVEN!

By Irene Rich

As told to Marian Rhea

WHEN I was seventeen years old, my head in the clouds, my world colored by rosy dreams, I eloped from the little town in the Pacific Northwest which was my home, and was married. So perhaps it was inevitable that in less than two years I was home again, my marriage smashed, my name on record in the divorce court, my illusions gone with the wind. And I wanted so desperately to get them back! I wanted so desperately to forget the unhappy interval just passed, the mistake I had made, and to take up my life where I had left off. I wanted to laugh and to play again, to have dates, to go to parties, to have fun.

But—I wasn't allowed to do it! You see, there were certain girls in the town, who, even though I had grown up with them, wouldn't let me. Somehow, they resented what I had done. Even though it was I who had been hurt and not they; even though my mistake wasn't, after all, a criminal thing, they looked down their noses at me. They called me, among themselves, and particularly to boys of the town who might otherwise have been nice to me, "the grass widow," "the divorcee." And, though they did it subtly and sweetly, they ostracized me as only a group of girls in a small town can do. They made me a sort of pariah, to be treated, kindly, of course, to be included, even, in some of their parties, but to be kept at arm's length, nevertheless, as one who is not quite "nice."

Well, it almost broke my heart. This was my home and I had been glad, so terribly glad, to get back to it! These were my friends, and I had wanted so badly to be one of them again. And now—this. Came a day—inevitably, I suppose—when I thought I couldn't bear it; when my hurt turned to hate and I wanted to strike back. It was a little thing that happened. I simply learned that a couple of the girls had organized a picnic and that I, "the divorcee," was not invited. Those two girls had been among my dearest friends before I was *Continued on page* 87

"I'm in the Dog-House—the Boss has 'Fire' in his Eye!"

Ada: And you can't guess *why* you're in the dog-house, Jane? Well my pet, you're decorative to the eye, and you're a speed demon for work. But, Jane, you're guilty of one careless, unforgivable little fault!

Jane: Now don't "underarm odor" me—or friendship ceases. You know I'd rather skip breakfast than miss my morning bath!

Ada: Foolish girl—why trust your bath to last all day! Use speedy Mum under each arm—if you want to *stay* flower-fresh!

Jane: So that's why the perfect secretary is withering on the job. I *am* ashamed!

Jane: (*later*) Mum's marvelous for my speedy morning routine! 30 seconds and I'm through. And business day or gala evening, I'm free from worry—safe from offending. And the boss is smiling these days!

Mum takes just half a minute—keeps underarms fresh for hours!

Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration.

Mum won't irritate skin—won't harm clothes. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—*A gentle, dependable deodorant is a "must" for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too.*

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Facing the Music

Radio's new bandleader who has come up from the ranks of vocalist is handsome Bob Allen, below, with Margaret Lee, his wife and baby Robert Edmond who spurred him on to try leading a band.

By KEN ALDEN

GLENN MILLER surprised a lot of people with his able acting in the film "Sun Valley Serenade." It was good enough to win him another 20th Century-Fox contract. He and his band report to the coast February 1 for work in the new Sonja Henie picture, "Iceland."

* * *

Tin Pan Alley gossips say that Tommy Dorsey and his vocalist Ray Sinatra have too many heated arguments.

* * *

A feminine hot trumpet player has joined Woody Herman's swing crew. She is Billie Rogers, a University of Montana graduate. Woody discovered her in a Hollywood night club.

* * *

After a ten-year absence, Fred Waring's band is back on phonograph records. He signed a contract with Decca to make a series of albums.

* * *

A new record company has popped up. The disks bear the name of Imperial. Blue Barron, Vincent Lopez, and Bunny Berigan are listed in the firm's catalog.

* * *

Bon Bon, Jan Savitt's sepia singer, and Raymond Scott are proud fathers of baby boys.

* * *

It now appears definite that Dick Jurgens and his fine band will make their long-postponed eastern tour this Spring. They conclude their Aragon Ballroom, Chicago, engagement in April.

An important member of Harlem's Royal Family is Count William Basie. Once he played the organ in a movie theater.

* * *

Don't be surprised if "The Hit Parade" discards its present program formula and adopts a set-up not unlike Coca-Cola's "Spotlight Bands" series on Mutual.

* * *

The government has banned further manufacture of juke boxes.

* * *

Two bandleader newlyweds are Ray Heatherton and Jimmy Grier. Ray married dancer Davenie Watson and Jimmy tied the knot with his vocalist, Isabel Fagin.

* * *

After a sustaining build-up on CBS, vocalist Jerry Wayne is now on Mutual with a sponsor. He beat out Jean Sablon, Jerry Cooper, and Hildegarde for the job.

* * *

Ella Fitzgerald must be determined to succeed in the movies. She lost 55 pounds in order to get a role in the new Abbott and Costello comedy, "Ride 'Em Cowboy."

* * *

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Cootie Williams has quit Benny Goodman's band to form *Continued on page* 72

"9-letter word meaning Social Suicide"

GOT you stumped, has it? Well, try again, Buttercup. It's a word you, in particular, ought to know about. Here we come with a little help . . . *and do you need it.*

Suppose you start with an "H". Now drop in an "A". Next, try an "L", as in "love"—and wouldn't you like a little of that!

There! You've made a start. At this point may we suggest an "I". You know, "I" as in "it"—which you haven't got or you wouldn't be sitting at home of a Saturday night doing crossword puzzles.

In the next space try a "T". We're getting places. Now an "O". That gives you H-A-L-I-T-O. Only three more letters and you'll have the answer.

In that next space slip in an "S"—could stand for "seductive" in your case but for one thing. But let's get on . . .

Put in another "I" as in "idea"—which you're going to get in just a second.

Now end it up with another "S" and Lady, you've got it.

Got what? The answer to your puzzle, and more important still, perhaps the answer to why your dates are so few . . . why boys don't stick around . . . why you're sort of "on the shelf."

It's halitosis (bad breath)—the 9-letter word for Social Suicide. Halitosis is the offense that no one overlooks and that anyone may commit at some time or other without realizing it.

Of course there's often something you can do about it . . . something you ought to do about it if you want others to like you.

To make your breath sweeter, more alluring, less likely to offend, use Listerine Antiseptic . . . every night and every morning, and before any date at which you want to appear at your best. Never . . . *never!* . . . omit this delightful precaution.

Why Listerine Does It

While sometimes systemic, the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces is the major cause of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any engagement let Listerine look after your breath

Unexpected Romance

She was merely a voice in the chorus, he was a noted announcer, so he couldn't possibly be interested in her! But he was, and now Bea Wain and Andre Baruch are radio's happiest couple

Andre announces the Hit Parade show Saturday nights on CBS, Waltz Time, Fridays on NBC, American Album of Familiar Music, Sundays, and others. Bea sings on the Merry Go Round program Monday nights over NBC-Blue.

THE obscure little brunette with Fred Waring's orchestra stole a glance at the announcer speaking his finely modulated phrases into the microphone, and then, as the announcer happened to look up she shifted her gaze to the audience in the Columbia Broadcasting Company Playhouse in New York, where the broadcast was taking place. The announcer finished his little speech and retired to a chair, and the girl studiously avoided looking at him again.

The obscure little girl was a Miss Bea Wain, and she was obscure because she was merely the female voice with Fred Waring's Swing Vocal Octet. The listeners knew the Swing Octet but no one knew Miss Bea Wain.

Miss Wain had snatched looks at the announcer, who was Andre Baruch, quite often before this. And when he passed her chair and brushed her arm, the color came into her cheeks and her pulse beat just a trifle more rapidly. Andre, besides being a noted announcer, was distinctly handsome, well-built, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and with a certain grace of manner and speech that came from his European heritage—he was born in Paris.

But whatever feelings Bea had for Andre, he knew nothing of them. When he pleasantly greeted her, Bea responded politely but coolly. Why should she reveal how interested she was in him? He couldn't possibly have any interest in her. She was a nobody, he was tops in radio. Andre didn't know she existed except as the Female Voice of the Swing Octet.

At this particular broadcast she wore an unusually effective evening gown, black velvet with touches of red, and enhanced with a pair of oriental looking silver clips, and as she walked off the stage after the show ended, Andre came alongside of her. "My, how nice you look tonight!" he said.

Bea experienced a violently disturbing hot and cold sensation, but her voice was even and matter-of-fact as she replied with a formal smile. "Thank you."

Andre smiled back, friendly and interestedly. "Would you like to go out somewhere?" he asked.

"Thank you, but I can't," she said, and she didn't know how she had the will power to utter these words. But why should she let herself be kidded? Andre probably didn't mean to take her out—he would find some excuse soon enough if she accepted. And if he really did take her out it was most likely because of a sudden whim, or—yes, that was it; because she wore a striking gown and he had noticed her for the first time. Well, she wouldn't fall for that. She had been on the Fred Waring program for months, and if it took a dress to make him notice her, she didn't want his attention.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, and smiled pleasantly again and left her.

Bea went home blue, but felt she was right. Better this than to delude herself that Andre could be interested in her. They met again, as usual, during the Waring broadcasts. Sometimes he smiled a greeting, and she responded with appropriate politeness. More often he was busy and didn't see her at all.

By Joseph Kaye

Then something happened which Bea thought would make it easier for her to get Andre out of her mind. The Kate Smith program offered her a better job and she took it. She still would be an anonymous voice in the show, one of a chorus of twelve singers, this time. But she would be away from Andre.

Came the first rehearsal, and—there was Andre Baruch. Yes, he was the announcer for the Kate Smith show too.

Bea went pale. Was there some destiny that was driving her into further acquaintance with this man? But she dismissed this sentimental thought. Just a coincidence, and she must accept it as such. Mr. Baruch would be just another member of the show to her.

Bea turned to her music and began studying it diligently. The rehearsal continued. Bea paid attention to everyone in the cast except Andre. But there came a time when she couldn't resist looking at him—of course his eyes weren't on her then—and she began to see that he was unusually pale—his eyes were feverish, and he was unsteady on his legs.

"The poor guy is sick," thought Bea.

She watched him carefully, blissfully ignoring the fact that such attention was not justified by her determination to treat him with absolute indifference. And the more she watched the more anxious she became. He was ill, there was no doubt of it. She saw how he tried to go through with the rehearsal, how he braced himself to stand straight and talk without quavering, how he surreptitiously held on to the table near which he was standing.

Finally the rehearsal came to an end, and Andre went out, or rather, stumbled out. Bea rose quickly from her chair, battling an instinct to run to him. She did walk out into the lobby, but Andre was gone.

THAT evening the first Kate Smith show was to be broadcast, and later at night there would be the customary rebroadcast to the Coast because of the two hours difference in time between New York and Pacific seaboard. A strenuous job for a man who was sick.

Andre appeared for the program freshly shaven and well-groomed in his evening clothes. He seemed to be a lot better. Bea felt much happier, and she dutifully averted her eyes from him.

The program proceeded successfully and reached its conclusion. Andre spoke the last commercial, his microphone went off the air, and he walked across the studio. He had taken only a few steps, when he paused for a moment, then fell down in a dead faint.

Bea leaped to her feet. She dashed to the water cooler and dashed back to the little group that clustered about the prone man.

"Give him air!" she cried.

She seemed to take command naturally, and the others obeyed her. They moved away from Andre. Bea knelt beside him and tried to stir him. Unexpectedly, he came to. She held the cup of water to his lips. His eyes opened and stared. And the first person he saw was Bea, her head close to his, her fingers holding the cup of water.

"Drink this," she ordered.

Continued on page 75

SOMEBODY SURELY WILL... when you discover the secret of bathing away body odor with one soap that adorns your skin with a protecting fragrance men love. You see, you no longer need to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant smelling soap...

WELL, THERE IS! Just get gentle, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap! You'll adore its rich, cleansing suds that banish body odor, leave your skin enticingly, alluringly scented with protecting fragrance!

INDEED IT DOES! The truly exquisite scent of Cashmere Bouquet lingers. And thousands of women have proved to themselves Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that won't irritate their skin!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING! Smart girls like you catch on quick . . . discover the lovelier way to avoid offending—to be utterly *sure* with Cashmere Bouquet! And you appreciate Cashmere Bouquet's costlier perfume!

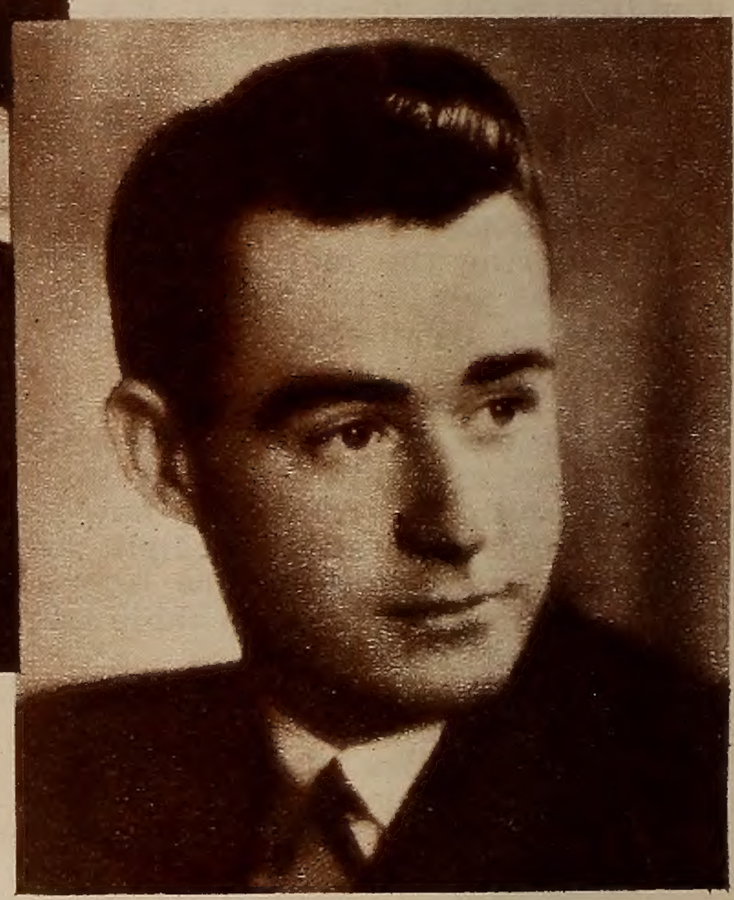
YOU REALIZE there's no finer complexion care than Cashmere Bouquet, every day . . . that it's *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be smart . . . get a half dozen cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

What's New from Coast

Left, Hollywood's newest newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berle. Milton's the comedian of NBC's Three-Ring Time; bride is the former Joyce Mathews.



Life for Bob Reese, tenor heard coast to coast from KDYL in Salt Lake, is one song after another.

REMEMBER Girl Alone, the daytime serial that gave you so many hours of thrilling listening? It's on the verge of returning to the air, but in a new form. Fayette Krum, who created the story, has written several half-hour scripts, and NBC is excited about putting them on in a weekly night-time series. Each half-hour program would tell a complete story in itself, but the same characters would run through all of them. And of course the hero and heroine would be Patricia and Scoop Curtis, your old friends of the original Girl Alone drama.

* * *

The saddest figure on Radio Row these days is Alan Reed, who could easily get enough radio jobs to keep him working from dawn to midnight, if he wanted to. He's a dialect comedian, stooge, and actor of amazing versatility. (Alan Reed, by the way, is a name he has taken only in the last couple of years. Before that you knew him as Teddy Bergman.) Anyway, Alan sacrificed many a well-paying radio job this fall to take a role in the stage play, "Hope for a Harvest," with Fredric March. He did this because he hoped movie scouts might see him in it and offer him what he wanted more than anything in the world—a Hollywood contract. They did, but then the war started and Alan refused the contract because he was afraid to move his family out to the West Coast. To make things worse, "Hope for a Harvest," although Alan got good critical notices, wasn't a very successful play. It closed a few weeks after it opened.

A recent addition to the announcing staff of station WBT, Charlotte, N.C., is Gordon Eaton.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Gordon Eaton, one of station WBT's newest announcers, arrived in Charlotte from WGST in Atlanta, Georgia, with an infectious smile, a swell voice, and a background of radio experience dating back to his senior year in high school.

Gordon was born in Louisville, Georgia, but spent most of his particularly active life, until coming to WBT, under Florida sunshine. He rode into radio fame the hard way—running from the school house every afternoon to the studios of WJNO, West Palm Beach, for a session of announcing station-breaks, keeping the record files out of their inevitable disorder, doing errands for the regular announcers, and soaking up the atmosphere of a broadcasting studio like a wide-eyed, glamor-envying child.

By DAN SENSENEY

When summer rolled around and a coveted diploma was safely tucked away, WJNO gave the ambitious Gordon a full-time job as a junior announcer. Shortly afterward, station WFLT in Fort Lauderdale offered him a position as senior announcer, and he grabbed it without thinking twice. The salary was eighteen dollars a week, and Gordon's head swam at the thought of such riches.

The next stop on his career-road was WGST in Atlanta, where WBT officials heard him and offered him a still better berth on the 50,000-watt CBS outlet in North Carolina.

Gordon has one of the most interesting, versatile and resonant voices of any announcer on the air. He's heard on many weekly and special-event programs on WBT and in a short time has gained a wide circle of air-friends. He's married and very happy about it— in fact, ask him the name of his favorite personality and he says, "My wife, Grace Helen."

to Coast

Pee Wee King leads the Golden West Cowboys on WSM's Saturday-night Grand Ole Opry program.

Ask him about his fondest hobby, his most important life interest, his greatest thrill, and the answer's just the same, "My wife, Grace Helen."

Grace Helen is so much a part of Gordon's life that she deserves a paragraph all to herself. She's as talented as her husband, in her own way, and is skilled in fashion designing, short story writing, musical show production and dancing. Together Grace Helen and Gordon make a rare team of young husband and young wife whose joint ambition is "to make friends quickly and permanently, and to have fun doing with each other the many little things that make life worth living."

Gordon is handsome enough to be conceited, but isn't. His deep-set blue eyes twinkle constantly, and he's always bursting with good humor that keeps everyone around him in top spirits no matter how tough the job. He is constantly enthusing over one of his numerous hobbies (radio, photography, aviation, golf), CBS, WBT, amateur or professional dramatics, or fan-mail—which he answers religiously, devoting two or three pages to a letter.

* * *

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—Bob Reese, station KDYL'S own golden voiced tenor, is a true son of the Golden West. He was born in Boise, Idaho, but has lived most of his life in Salt Lake City. Not only Salt Lake people, but listeners to the NBC networks from coast to coast, hear him singing with Ed Stoker's KDYL orchestra three times every week.

Life for Bob has been one song after another. He's been singing ever since he was in high school—when, in 1931, he won the Utah State contest for tenor solo. He always wanted to make music his career, and let nothing stand in the way of that am-

"Baby" your face at bedtime to WAKE UP LOVELIER!

Doctors advise "baby-care" for your complexion

Each night give *your* face this gentle Ivory soap-and-water care advised by doctors for the World's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the quick cream lather of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is *gentler* than ever to your skin. Actually, New Ivory is *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!

99 44/100 % PURE • IT FLOATS

IS YOUR SKIN DRY, sensitive? You should "baby" it with this gentle, New Ivory *night-time routine:* Cream *lukewarm* Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle fingertip massage. Warm rinses—pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream. Doctors advise gentle *Ivory* cleansing!

IS YOUR SKIN OILY? Then you'll want New Ivory's richer, creamier lather to remove excess oil. *Every night:* With a rough washcloth, lather up *lukewarm* Ivory velvet suds—¼-inch lather simply *creams* off your Ivory cake! Scrub upward and outward into every inch of your face. Rinse. Repeat. Warm rinse, then cold. Use this Ivory method 3 times daily for *safe* beauty-care!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

New Velvet-suds IVORY

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

Dancing "Overtime"

Arthur Murray Teachers use Odorono Cream for Sweetness Sake

• *Bunny Duncan* is busier than ever these days teaching dancing to men in camp and on leave. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she chooses Odorono Cream as her favorite line of defense against underarm odor and dampness.

Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! It's non-greasy, non-gritty, non-irritating! Generous 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes, plus tax. Get some today!

THE ODORONO CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

1 FULL OZ. JAR— ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)

Gervais Wallace, of the Washington Studio, sparkling and fresh after hours of dancing!

ENDS PERSPIRATION ANNOYANCE FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS

GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

ALSO LIQUID ODORONO— REGULAR AND INSTANT

bition. After he finished his high school course he enrolled at the Long Beach, California, Junior College and continued his musical studies there with several other boys who have since become famous. One of them was Kenny Baker, and Bob used to sing in a quartet which had Kenny as one of its members.

Bob has nothing against crooning, but for himself he prefers to sing out loud and full. He says that modern microphone technique has prevented too many young singers from developing a full voice and all the tonal range that goes with it.

There's a Mrs. Reese, the former Glade Stauffer, who was Bob's sweetheart when they were both in high school. She's blonde, dainty and petite. She doesn't sing, but young John Reese, aged two, frequently offers his father some vocal competition.

In keeping with the best Western tradition, Bob is an expert horseman, owns two fine sorrels, and spends his vacations on the cattle ranch of his father-in-law in Wyoming, where he always manages to help with the round-ups.

* * *

If you're a radio "ham," or amateur operator, Uncle Sam is offering you a fine chance to serve your country and at the same time receive valuable training. The Navy Department is looking for several thousand recruits with experience as amateur radio technicians, to be trained in Naval radio communications or as "Radar" men, which is even more interesting and useful. The "Radar" men will operate the new and very secret device which locates planes in flight, and has been used so successfully in England. So if you're a high school graduate, already know a little about radio broadcasting, and want a good job, see the man at your nearest Naval Recruiting Station.

The Navy isn't the only Government agency looking for help. Young men from eighteen to twenty-three are needed to serve on U. S. Merchant ships. They will be paid while they are learning to be radio operators, stewards, or engineers; and jobs at high wages are available after the training period. You can get information at any State employment office, or write to the United States Maritime Commission, Washington, D. C.

* * *

The war takes Helen Hayes and her Sunday-night programs off the air after the first Sunday in February. At first her sponsor planned to end the series in January, but later decided to extend the time five more weeks.

* * *

Radio actress Estelle Levy, now that she's growing up, has changed her name to Gwen Davies.

* * *

Looks like there will be a wedding soon, the parties of the first and second part being orchestra leader Harry Salter and Roberta McPherson, daughter of Aimee Semple McPherson.

* * *

CINCINNATI—Lazy Jim Day is the rural comedian of station WLW's famous Boone County Jamboree. He is likewise the "Pride of Short Creek" down in Grayson County, Kentucky, where his pa and ma and four sisters and three brothers "reckon city folk are plain teched in the haid to pay Jim jest to carry on like all git-out in front of strangers."

In fact, Jim himself was suspicious of the whole business and held out for quite a spell before he agreed to give up his dollar-a-day job on a dairy farm near Matoon, Illinois, when Clair Hull, WDZ station manager in Tuscola, Illinois, heard Jim at a County Fair, recognized his artless talent, and offered him a job on the radio.

A pair of unexpected visitors to Jack Benny's broadcast are Jimmy Stewart, home on leave from his Army camp, and Henry Fonda—and as usual, Mary seems to be getting all the attention.

His folks down in Kentucky can't understand why WLW's Lazy Jim Day gets paid for acting funny.

But Jim had corn-shucking to attend to, and it took Hull several weeks of solid talking out in the corn fields before he finally persuaded Jim to try his hand at broadcasting. He made his debut in a fifteen-minute program in 1936, and is glad of it today. "I'm thankful to Mr. Hull for begging me to take the job," Jim says, "because in one year I sold enough ten-cent pictures of myself to buy me a new car." It isn't the same one he drives today, which is a bright red and very expensive roadster.

Jim's fortune is in his droll wit and peculiar "dead pan," helped by an odd-sounding voice and a good memory. "I have a crooked nose and two teeth missin' below," he says. "They weren't pulled none, just didn't grow there."

In his Boone County Jamboree and Top o' the Morning broadcasts, Lazy Jim plays the guitar, sings, jigs, or "just talks to the folks." Microphone fright is completely unknown to him, since he pictures the mike as "only a tin cup on the end of a tobacco stick." For reasons of his own, he has never been seen in any other attire than a pair of overalls, checked shirt, and striped socks. Once he was refused admission to a County Fair where he was scheduled to entertain the crowds because the man at the door thought he was a rustic no-account. He claims to possess one real suit of clothes. It was the suit he was married in.

Jim is afraid of airplanes and refuses to repeat a recent stunt broadcast in which he did a program several thousand feet up in the air. He does enjoy driving his car at fast speeds—a pleasure which brought him sorrow recently when a summons before the local traffic court resulted in a fine and a suspension of his driving rights for a month. Since walking is something he abhors, he bought a second-hand bicycle with white wall tires and a sheep-skin seat (price,

Continued on page 83

JEAN PARKER—Republic Star appearing in "Pittsburgh Kid", uses GLOVER'S. Hers is the most talked-about hair in movieland! She applies Glover's once a week to scalp and hair overnight, shampooing in the morning. Do this regularly—it helps give your hair new natural loveliness!

Movie stars know the value of caring for the hair and scalp. They can tell you the importance of using the *right* treatment! If you've tried *scented* hair preparations without results, switch now to this famous MEDICINAL treatment, used by millions. Try GLOVER'S, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair You'll actually *feel* the exhilarating effect, *instantly!* Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

Here's a convenient way to convince yourself! Send today for a generous *complete* Gift application of Glover's Mange Medicine—also the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO—in hermetically-sealed bottles. This gift is distributed by *coupon only.* Complete instructions and booklet, The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

TWO GIFT BOTTLES! Glover's Mange Medicine and the New Glo-Ver Beauty Soap Shampoo, as pictured. SEND THE COUPON TODAY!

COMPLETE GIFT APPLICATION

GLOVER'S, 460 Fourth Ave., Dept. 553, New York

Send GIFT samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new GLO-VER SHAMPOO in hermetically sealed bottles. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

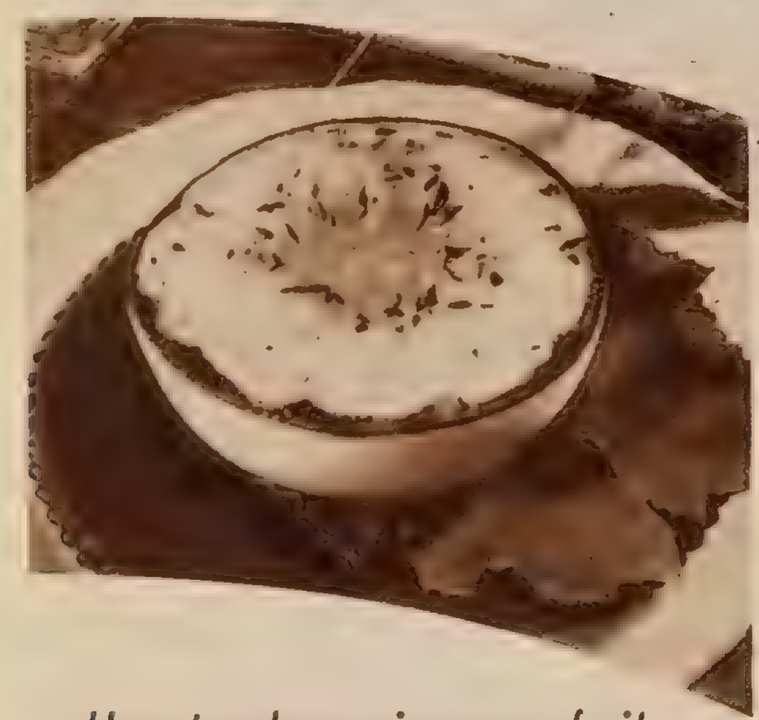
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Try combining lamb chops with grapefruit and arrange it like this attractive platter with baked tomatoes and mushrooms.

New Flavor WITH FRUITS



How to glamourize grapefruit—spread with butter, sugar, cinnamon and broil. Serve it hot as a first course or dessert.

Cuts of banana, dipped into beaten egg, rolled in crumbs and browned, are a grand accompaniment to broiled ham steak.

ASK the average person what she knows about serving meats with fruits and she is likely to look blank and then, memories of recent holiday feasts coming to her rescue, reply vaguely, "Well, there's turkey and cranberry sauce." That's a fine and favored flavor combination, of course, but it's only the beginning of the list, for there are dozens of ways in which meats may be used with fruit—fresh, canned or cooked dried fruit—to produce dozens of new and appetizing flavor blends.

Such combinations are especially interesting now, when all of us are being as economical as we know how to be, for the addition of fruit will glorify many of the thrifty cuts of meat which are so important to our current budgets. Too, although fruit in some form is essential from a diet standpoint, many people cannot eat fresh fruit, and fruit cooked and served with the meat course offers a new way to supply them with this dietary need.

As a first course for any meat meal, broiled grapefruit is excellent, and the broiling gives this valuable citrus fruit new flavor interest. It's simple and easy to prepare, too. Allow half a grapefruit per person. Remove core and loosen the sections by cutting along membranes and outer skin with a sharp knife. Allow 1 tablespoon sugar, white, brown or maple, 1 teaspoon butter and a pinch of cinnamon for each grapefruit half. Cream butter and sugar together and spread on fruit, sprinkle with cinnamon and broil, 3 or 4 inches below broiler flame, until heated through and slightly brown (10 to 15 minutes). In place of butter, you can use jelly or honey.

Pork—including, of course, ham and sausage—lends itself especially well to fruit combinations and there is a digestive as well as a flavor reason for this fact. Some people, you know, find pork slow to digest and fruit, by helping the stomach maintain a proper balance of digestive juices, speeds up the time the system requires to assimilate this nutritious though often difficult meat.

By Kate Smith

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

Sausage Apple Casserole

1 lb. pork sausage links
3 large apples
3 medium sweet potatoes
⅓ cup brown sugar
2 tbls. sausage drippings
¼ cup boiling water

Cook sweet potatoes until tender, peel and slice. Pan fry sausage slowly for 10 minutes, pouring off fat as it rises. Core apples and slice. Arrange sausage, apples and sweet potatoes in greased casserole, and sprinkle with sugar. Combine boiling water and 2 tbls. of fat from sausages and pour over mixture. Bake at 375 degrees F. about 40 minutes.

Ham and Banana Rolls

1 lb. ham
4 bananas
1 egg, beaten
½ cup crumbs or corn meal

Broil or pan broil ham slowly, allowing about 7 minutes per side. Incidentally, ham, like other pork products, is more tender and more quickly digested if cooked for a longer period at low temperature than if cooked quickly at a higher temperature. Peel bananas and cut into 1-inch slices. Dip slices into beaten egg, roll in crumbs. Brown in ham fat, using just enough to keep from sticking, over low flame, turning frequently to prevent sticking.

Other suggestions for "ham and" combinations are: 1—Canned pineapple slices. Drain well and broil, turning once, just long enough to heat through and brown or brown in skillet with small quantity of ham fat. 2—Peach, apricot, prune or pear halves—either cooked dried fruit or canned. Drain and cook as directed for pineapple. And if you will use the juice from any of these fruits to make ham gravy, you will have an excellent sauce for French toast which is a fine accompaniment for a ham and fruit meal.

Lamb is another meat which combines well with most fruits. As a starter, I suggest the lamb chop and fruit combination pictured here.

Continued on page 77

Oatmeal

GOES HAWAIIAN

Here's a brand new way to combine your favorite breakfast cereal with Hawaii's favorite fruit—pineapple. Prepare oatmeal as directed on package. Place a slice of canned pineapple in each cereal dish, top with a generous portion of oatmeal and pour over it the following sauce:

1 tbl. butter
1 tbl. flour
1½ cups pineapple juice
Few drops lemon juice (optional)

Cream butter and flour together, stir in pineapple and lemon juice and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thick.

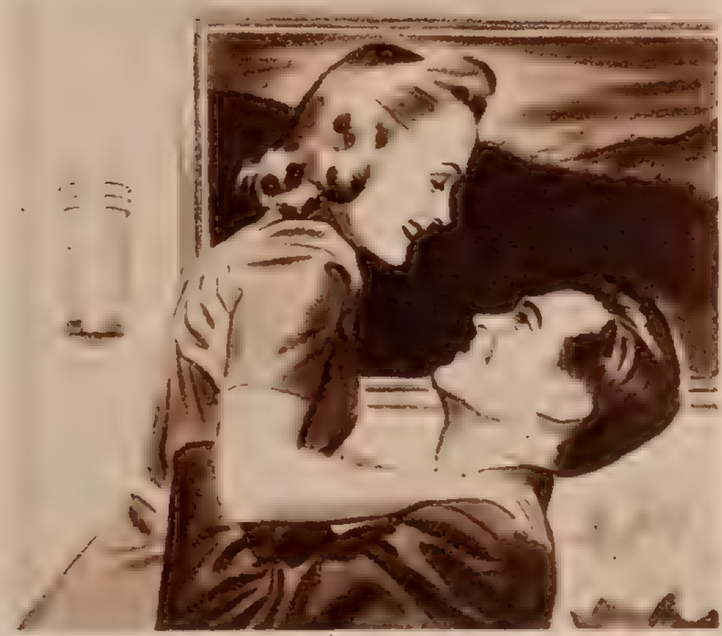
"My husband's kisses were cold as ice"

HOW A WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT THREATENED HER MARRIAGE

1. I never dreamed I would ever play the rôle of a neglected wife. We were so madly in love, at first—then, little by little, Jack's ardor waned until it seemed as though he actually disliked to be near me. I was utterly miserable.

2. I hid my unhappiness from everyone. Until one day at luncheon with Jane, my closest chum—I broke down and told her *everything*. She said, "Darling, don't be offended, but perhaps it's *your* fault. There's nothing that chills a husband's love more than carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. "Early in my marriage," she said, "a woman doctor set me straight forever about this one neglect. I've followed her advice ever since and used Lysol disinfectant for intimate personal care. Because Lysol cleanses, deodorizes . . . and a single douche kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues."



4. I went immediately to the nearest drug store, bought a bottle of Lysol, and followed the simple feminine hygiene directions on the label. I've used it ever since, with 100% effective results. My marriage, I might add, has become a happy honeymoon once more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1941, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene and other Lysol uses, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. R.T.M.-342, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

CHARM AT YOUR *Fingertips*

By Dr. Grace Gregory

A singer's hands are as important to her charm as her voice and lovely Yvette who sings on Penthouse Party Wednesday nights on NBC knows what they need for daily care.

REALLY observant people look at your hands as much as at your face to find out what sort of person you are. More especially they look at your fingertips. Nails have come into their own, as important beauty factors.

Hands may be small or large; it does not matter. The dainty little hands so admired in the past now share honors with the large, capable looking hands that are ready to take part in the world's work and sports. Hands may be lily-white, or suntanned. But one thing all beautiful hands must be—well groomed.

Whatever your hands do—gardening, housework, the most strenuous sports of all seasons—they may be kept exquisitely soft by constant massaging with lotions and creams. After every time in water your hands should be stroked with your favorite lotion or hand cream. Stroke from the fingertips towards the wrist, as though you were putting on gloves. Use only the least bit; a very little is enough to keep the skin smooth and satiny.

But above all, if you want your hands to be admired, make a fine art of the care of the nails.

It is not enough to have a manicure once in so often, on the eve of an important date, perhaps, and do a little re-enameling between times. Nothing takes the place of frequent care, especially of the cuticle.

The trouble with brittle nails that are always breaking, where it is not a defect in your general health, is usually due to a neglect of softening creams. There are special creams devised now to correct this brittleness. These creams are to be gently worked into the skin around the nail, and rubbed under the nail and under the cuticle with an orange wood stick. They serve to supply oil to dry nails, enabling them to regain the toughness and flexibility which are necessary to meet the modern requirements for longish nails.

There are also toning lotions which do wonders for brittle nails. In fact, if your nails are always breaking, it is your own fault. Given proper daily care, there is no reason at all for unshapely fingertips.

There is real artistry in this matter of nail shaping. Tapering fingers are, and always have been, considered beautiful. But very few of us have them. Nails are of two general types: fan shaped and almond. If you have the almond nails, with sides parallel, you probably have blunt or spatulate fingertips. And if you have the fan shaped type of nail, they make any finger look blunt, unless they are worn long and artistically trimmed.

The rules for fingertip beauty are simple. First of all, keep your nails tough and flexible by nourishing them with creams, so that you can wear them at a reasonable length without breaking. Then, shape them becomingly and practically. Nails too long or too pointed are unpleasantly suggestive of claws.

Finally, choose your nail enamels with taste and discretion. Do not confine yourself to one shade. There are clear enamels for the ultra-conservative, delicately pink or rose for those who want just a suggestion, and so on through all the spectrum.

Dark nail enamels do make the fingers appear more tapered, because they take attention from the actual shape of the finger, which you cannot change, to the shape of the nail, which you can. But the darker enamels still offer plenty of choice. There are dull shades and bright. If you wish to be conservative by day, and somewhat gayer in the evening, there is no reason why you cannot change from a dusky shade to a bright. It takes only about five minutes. And it is well worth doing.

If, in spite of your care, a nail does break, there are artificial nails which can be glued on while your own grows out. Trimmed and enameled to match the rest, they are practically undetectable.

Any enamel will chip, especially on the right hand of a very active person. It is a good idea to carry a small bottle of the enamel you are wearing in your handbag. One brush stroke from the tip to the base of the nail repairs the damage.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

Thrilling New Way To More Glamorous Hair . . .
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

"Sweet Sophistication"... charming, new young hair-do. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks, how beautifully it lies in place

Amazing new improvement in Special Drene Shampoo . . . wonderful hair conditioner now in it for new allure!

● Do you wish your hair had that silky, smooth, well-groomed look so smart these days? That it would fall into place beautifully and neatly, when you comb it?

Then you simply must try the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo—with a wonderful hair conditioner now in it! For that hair conditioner just makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage, right after shampooing! You'll be thrilled!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these *extra* beauty benefits don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for *every* type of hair . . . dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene—in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*

Tenderly her eyes went around the room which for four weeks had been her gateway to paradise.

Without End

Chris reached up and pulled her down into the hollow of his shoulder. "Hello," he whispered. No honeymoon had been like theirs, ever, Mary thought, and tragedy, demanding all the courage that is in a woman's heart, seemed as far away as the northern stars watching over them

Illustration by Martha Moore

MARY JORDAN moved to the window of the stoutly built log cabin, the radiance of her face fading to a little worried frown. Gusts of snow were streaking across the window pane, like long white arms reaching down from the north to take the Canadian backwoods into the first embrace of winter.

"Chris," she said, "suppose we're snowed in here?"

The man lying on the hearth stirred lazily as he watched the sputter of a great backlog. "If there's one thing I like better than a one-month honeymoon it's a three-month honeymoon."

"But darling," the girl at the window struggled against the warm smile that came to her lips, "how about your job?"

"Who cares about a job? Stop being the conscience of your husband and come over here."

As Mary moved back to the fireplace, Chris reached up a strong arm and pulled her down into the hollow of his shoulder. He bent his lips against her ear. "Hello," he whispered.

"Hello," she laughed back softly, then frowned. "But if the storm keeps up, how could we get out?"

"Skis or snowshoes, Mrs. Conscience."

Mary sat up abruptly. "Snowshoes—me? I've never used snowshoes in my life."

"Then you'll have to learn," Chris grinned. "You're married to a Canadian now. Remember?"

Mary turned star-brushed eyes on him. "Yes, I remember—so many things."

"Like—?" he teased. But she knew the urgency that was on him too to live again the six brief weeks they had known each other. What would life have been for them if Christopher Jordan hadn't come to New York to submit his plans for the new railroad terminal? Or if Ellen Jensen hadn't given one of her everlasting parties? Or, more particularly, if Ellen hadn't succeeded in overcoming Mary's downright refusal to be the dinner partner of "that fur trapper from Hudson's Bay?"

"But he isn't a fur trapper, dear," Ellen patiently explained. "He's an architect from Montreal."

"Architect for what—log cabins?" Mary countered.

Tenderly now her eyes went over the rough walls and sturdy beams of the log hunting lodge which for almost four weeks had been her gateway to Paradise. How could she ever have thought—

But then, of course, she hadn't thought—not until she caught her first glimpse of Christopher Jordan as he came toward her to acknowledge Ellen's apprehensive introduction. Mary was forced to admit the "fur trapper from Hudson's Bay" looked more distinguished in his dinner suit than any other man in the room. Also, repartee among the seals must have been very sprightly indeed because young Mr. Jordan could hold his own conversationally with anyone at the table—especially with Mary.

In fact, the conversation landed her with him next day at the Aquarium, her selection of which marked the last ironic fling of her first reluctance to meet him. It vanished forever when in the midst of commenting on the sea cow as an outstanding example of waterlogged intelligence the tall, broad-shouldered Canadian dropped his tone of banter and said quietly, "You're the most beautiful girl I have ever known."

Next day they went to the Museum of Natural History, whereupon Chris launched into the interesting biology of ancient man—and woman. The third day matters got on a somewhat earthier plane at the zoo. From which point they took a distinctly elevating turn the fourth day on their visit to the Statue of Liberty when Chris and Mary mutually foreswore theirs.

Now, as a vivid love story, read the broadcast specially written by True Boardman for the Silver Theater program, Sunday on CBS.

At the end of his two-week stay Chris refused point-blank to leave Mary behind him. So quite simply they were married at the Little Church Around the Corner—a not too original idea but eminently satisfying. Mary wired her people in the West and Chris telephoned his mother in Canada that he was bringing home a bride. Whereupon they tucked themselves away for a month's honeymoon in the back reaches of Quebec Province at the Jordan hunting lodge—here.

"Chris," Mary said suddenly, "have you ever been in love before?"

"Hundreds of times," he answered lightly, then changed his tone after a quick glance at her face. "Depends on what you mean by love. What does it mean to you, Mary?"

"It means," she said slowly, "the forgetting that you're you. When all the things you've known as beauty, but beauty apart from you—like sunsets, moonlight across water, waves pounding on a beach—suddenly aren't apart from you any longer. The sunsets are singing inside of you. Maybe—" she was trying hard to trap her thoughts with words, "maybe I mean ecstasy. Not the ecstasy that's gone in a moment, but the kind that's born only when the man and woman meet who, through all time, maybe through other ages and other worlds for all we know, were destined for each other. . . ."

Chris didn't speak for a moment. When he did, he said, "And you could even ask if I've ever felt that for anyone else?"

Into this moment of communion broke a *Continued on page 67*

The story of

THERE are not many sight-seeing buses on the quiet streets of Alexandria, Virginia, six miles from Washington. But were you to board one of the few, the driver would point out to you Old Christ Church, where George Washington was one of the first vestrymen. He would tell you how General Braddock made his headquarters here during the Revolutionary War, and that it was the capital in the War Between the States of that part of Virginia which remained loyal to the Union. Then, forsaking history as the bus rolled down the shady streets into a section of sedate homes, he would gesture toward a graceful Georgian house and say, "That's the home of Rufus Kane, the big Labor leader." A quick turn of his head and a dramatic sweep of his arm, and your attention would be directed to another house across the way from Rufus Kane's—a low gray house with green shutters, a house that was modest and somehow feminine.

"And that," he would say, "is where the Senator from Iowa, Senator Mary Marlin, lives."

You would peer at the little house, wishing for a glimpse of Senator Marlin herself, running down the shallow front steps to the long gray car parked at the curb—and wondering, no doubt, what she was really like, this woman whose gracious beauty shone in the dignified Senate Chambers like a lamp at dusk. For there were so many conflicting stories about her . . .

Not that the bare facts weren't well enough known. They were the standard fare of every columnist and every Sunday feature article in the newspapers. People knew she was the wife (and perhaps the widow) of Senator Joe Marlin, that she had been appointed to the Senate to fill Joe Marlin's unexpired term, that their little son Davey had been named in honor of David Post, Joe's former law partner in the town of Cedar Springs, Iowa. And that fact alone brought up the first of many conjectures, so that the name of David Post and that of Rufus Kane came questioningly into people's minds.

Even such an innocent-seeming social item as this had overtones of wonder: "Senator Mary Marlin entertained at dinner last night in her Alexandria home. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frazer Mitchell, Mr. Rufus Kane . . ." Only Mary Marlin would have invited to sit at one table such clashing personalities as those of Rufus Kane and Frazer Mitchell, whose wife had been the other figure in that ugly story about Joe Marlin before his disappearance. And only Mary Marlin could have made such an ill-assorted dinner party successful—not once but many times.

Adam Fury, the wisest and most impertinent of Washington reporters, had once asked her how she managed to be a friend both of Rufus Kane and Frazer Mitchell. "They're not only on opposite sides of the political fence from each other," he'd said, "but neither of them would ever have seen eye to eye with Joe."

Mary Marlin had laughed, in that gay, friendly way of hers. "Because I enjoy their company," she had said, "doesn't mean I think the way they do, Adam."

Adam had wanted to say, "Do you still think the way your husband did, Madame Senator?" But he knew, rather better than did all Washington, how near the Marlins had been to breaking up, even before an airplane had plummeted to earth on the Russian steppes, carrying with it into oblivion the Honorable Joseph Marlin, United States Senator from Iowa. And rather than hurt Mary, he was silent.

He reflected, though, that Mary Marlin was a frequent visitor at the home of Rufus Kane. As far as he or anyone else knew, she was the only woman in whom Kane had ever been interested enough to introduce to his mother, the fragile and gentle Sarah Jane Kane.

Adam Fury thought frequently of Mary Marlin, and decided she was one of the most baffling women he had ever known. That was the reason for her strange hold on the imaginations of people who only read about her in the newspapers, as well as those who had seen and talked to her. It wasn't just that she was beautiful, although she was that, too, in a strong, commanding way. Her thick black hair was so heavy that from carrying it her head had acquired a regal tilt. She

Mary Marlin

To a whole nation she was a legend, a symbol of glamour and mystery, a woman whose inner heart was never revealed. But that was because no one knew her story. Begin now, as a fascinating novel, one of radio's famous dramas

was tall, and she moved with a grace that reminded you of the statue called The Winged Victory, if a statue could come to life. Yet her violet eyes could be as warmly bright as a girl's, her mobile mouth as tender.

And still the real Mary Marlin seemed always out of reach. Adam wished he had known her long ago, when she and Joe Marlin were first married. Then, perhaps, he could have understood her.

On a January evening of 1935, Washington was no more to Mary Marlin than the name of a place where laws were made. Her world was bounded by the city limits of Cedar Springs, Iowa. It included first and most importantly, Joe Marlin—his loose-joined, tall body, his tanned face and unruly brown hair, his unquenchable optimism and his fits of abstraction when all that was really Joe seemed to vanish, leaving only a moving and talking figure that looked like him but obviously wasn't.

Then there were other, smaller bits of Mary's world: Annie, the cook and housekeeper who had come to this house with her and Joe when they were first married . . . the house itself, old-fashioned, painted white, set far back from the quiet street . . . her garden, snug now under its winter coverings . . . her best friend, Margaret Adams, who lived next door, and Margaret's husband and her two children . . . the Old Church, where she and Joe went on Sundays . . . the Town Square, with its statue of Justice, blindfolded . . . Joe's law office, across the Square, with the gilt lettering on its windows, "Post & Marlin, Attorneys at Law" . . . David Post, Joe's partner and friend . . . many other small parts of daily life, hardly noticed because they were so accustomed.

Years of married contentment had left there marks upon Mary. Perhaps she was not so slender as she had been when Joe led her to the altar. Perhaps she did not move so lightly. Perhaps each day of her life followed each other day in a well-worn groove. But what did it matter? A married woman of thirty-five does not need these outward evidences of beauty, of excitement. Her loveliness is in her ordered home, in her gentleness, in her

Only Mary Marlin would have dared to bring together such clashing personalities as those of Rufus Kane and the Frazer Mitchells.

motherhood. . . . But Mary and Joe Marlin had no children.

Mary cared less for her own sake than for Joe's. She would have liked children, and there were times when she hungered for them, but in her was the ability to take gratefully what life offered and not ask for more. Life had already, she believed, offered her a great deal, and she was content. Joe was different. He did not accept from life, he demanded of it. And when his demands were refused he was baffled and furious. He wanted the whole world to be better than it was, not only for himself but for others too. That was why he might some day be a great man, but it was also why he would never be a contented one.

HE HAD been moody, easily exasperated lately. It was because he was working too hard at the office, of course. Tonight, for instance, Mary had looked forward to having him spend the evening at home—Not that the evening had started very propitiously, after all.

After dinner—a good dinner, but rather too silent a one—they had come into the living room. Restlessly, Joe had switched on the radio, twisting the dials until the voice of a news announcer filled the room. Mary had winced.

"Joe—would you turn it down a little?"

"Hmm?"

"I said, could you turn it down a little? It's so loud—"

Angrily, he had switched the machine off entirely. "Of course, if it annoys you to hear what's going on in the world!"

"Joe dear, you know that wasn't what I meant. I only—"

The telephone bell sliced across her apologies. And that was the end of the quiet evening at home. It was the office, of course, calling Joe to work.

But Dave Post had seemed surprised when Mary complained, a few days earlier, about Joe's late hours of work, had agreed there was no reason for him to slave himself into a breakdown.

A tiny worm of fear curled within Mary's heart. Could it be that Joe was not at the office all these long nights? . . . It was an absurd and disloyal thought; she put it away from her just as Annie came in from the hall.

"Mr. Marlin dropped this out of his coat pocket as he was goin' out, Mis' Marlin. Looks like it's a letter."

"Thank you, Annie." Mary took the folded scrap of paper, and it fell open in her hand. In an instant she had read the few words written on it:

"Darling Joe—Come tonight—make any excuse, but come. You must choose between us. I won't go on like this. I love you. S."

The white paper blurred and swam before her eyes and then, mercifully, everything disappeared entirely. It was the first time in her life Mary Marlin had fainted.

She could have been unconscious for only a few seconds, because she was dimly aware of Annie fussing over her, helping her upstairs to bed, while all the time the knowledge of what she had read in the note blotted out every other consideration. When at last she was rid of Annie she lay awake in the darkened room, thinking back over the last weeks and seeing them in all their sordid clarity. Joe came in a little after midnight, and she pretended to be asleep. In the morning she slipped out of bed before he was awake, and managed to be busy in the kitchen with Annie when he came down to breakfast. In all, she saw him long enough only to exchange a "good morning" that it took all her strength to keep calm and matter-of-fact.

In the long night's vigil she had determined to keep silent about her discovery. That, she had told herself, was the wise thing to do. But after Joe had left the house she felt panic pressing down upon her, and knew she could never hug this secret silently to herself. She realized, too, that David Post must have known about this—this intrigue of Joe's.

That was why he had been so embarrassed over her complaint about Joe's late hours. Horrible, that others should know, should pity her!

Possessed by such an inner frenzy of despair that she could not stay quietly at home, she went downtown, to Joe's office. But Miss Gibbons, his secretary, said he was in Court, and Mary was about to leave when David Post came out of his private office and saw her. Dave was a little older than Joe in years, and had always seemed older than that in his quiet, thoughtful ways. His broad face was not exactly handsome, but it had a rugged, good honesty, and when he smiled it became suddenly charming—the face of a man who had grown up without forgetting the boy he once was. He smiled now, at sight of Mary.

"I know you didn't drop in to see me, Mary. But come in and sit down a minute. Joe's in Court."

As an exciting novel, begin reading The Story of Mary Marlin, the radio serial by Jane Crusinberry, heard daily at 11 A.M., E.S.T., on NBC-Red and at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., on CBS, sponsored by Ivory Snow. Photographic illustrations posed by the cast—Anne Seymour as Mary Marlin, Rupert LaBelle as Rufus Kane, Fran Carlon as Bunny Mitchell, Fred Sullivan as Frazer Mitchell, Charme Allen as Sarah Jane Kane.

Mary Marlin was the first woman in whom Rufus Kane had ever been interested enough to introduce to his mother.

"Yes—I know. Miss Gibbons—told me."

He looked at her keenly, seeing, now, her agitation, but he said nothing until she was in his office, seated in the big leather chair opposite his at the desk. Then he said, "Something wrong, Mary?"

"Oh—Dave—" Helplessly, under his sympathy, she began to cry. "It's Joe, Dave—Joe and some—other woman! All this time—I've no idea how long—he's been deceiving me. I found a note last night, after he'd left the house—"

David's face had hardened in anger—anger against the man who had been his boyhood friend. "Mary," he said thickly, "don't—I can't stand it to see you cry."

"But it's so terrible—I never thought Joe would do a thing like this. I trusted him!"

"Yes," Dave said. "It's too bad we men can't realize what a wonderful thing we have when a fine woman has faith in us . . . Mary, I did so want to save you from this."

Mary raised her head. "You knew, didn't you?—Then you must know who the girl is! David—tell me!"

"I don't— Wait, Mary. Let's not do anything we'll regret. I'd rather not tell you. For one thing, I can't believe this is serious—with Joe. I *can't* believe it!"

There was a crisp knock on the door, and Joe entered almost before the sound had died away. His eyes swept from one of them to the other, taking in David's agitation, Mary's reddened eyes, and he pulled the door shut behind him.

"It appears," he said menacingly, "that Dave has been giving you a little inside information, Mary."

"Joe! Dave hasn't said a thing. I—I found a note you dropped at home."

"You've read it?"

"Yes, I—"

"It was mine. Why did you read it?"

"I didn't think there was anything we didn't share—until now," Mary said simply. "Joe, what does it mean?"

"More or less what it appears to mean," he said shortly. "As I'm sure you realize, since you lost no time in seeing an attorney about it!"

Dave stood up, and there was about him the air of a man whose patience is wearing thin. "Don't be a fool, Joe! Mary came here to see you, not me."

"—And lost no time in telling you all about it!" Joe snapped.

"Joe—" David Post held out a placating hand. "I can't understand you, Joe. Can't you see you're ruining Mary's life—your own life—just for a cheap little—"

"You'd better not say it, Dave!" Joe warned.

"I wish I'd fired her the first week she was in this office!" Dave cried—and stopped, aghast at what he had done.

Mary looked past the men, at the closed door to the outer office. She knew, now. The note had been signed with the initial S. And Miss Gibbons, the secretary, who was blonde and slim and vacantly pretty and young, was named Sally. . . .

"Oh, Joe!" she said at last. "Your—secretary! Oh, how—cheap!"

Blood throbbed, wine-colored, just under the skin of Joe's face. "I'm sick of all this," he said. "I've been through hell, and I can't stand it any longer. *I'll do what I like!*"

The room hummed with the crash of the door, slammed behind him. After a while, David said wearily, "Come, Mary—I'll take you home."

"Home!" she repeated after him, bitterly. *"Home!"*

The Red Lion Inn was a shabby and rather disreputable night club on the outskirts of Cedar Springs. It had a small dance floor, a bar, booths where couples could sit and talk in reasonable assurance that they would not be heard in the adjoining cubicles.

Joe Marlin and Sally Gibbons sat in one of these booths, that night.

One of the two Red Lion waiters said to the other, "Boy, are they goin' round and round! Somethin's botherin' 'em plenty—and he's bothered worse than she is."

The other waiter snickered. "Maybe the guy's wife found out," he said.

IT WAS shortly before midnight when they left, running from the door of the Inn to Joe's car, for it was a windy night with flaws of rain. In the car, driving back toward town, the discussion that had been going on all evening reached its climax.

"But now she knows, Joe. You can't say you don't want to hurt her any more. And I'm good and tired of this sneaking around—hiding as if we were a couple of criminals."

"Let's drop it, Sally. We've talked about it too much tonight."

"We've *got* to talk about it! You say you love me—but you—you won't—do—what I want you to—" A sob muffled her voice, and she dabbed at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. Its perfume filled the confined air of the car. "Joe—" There was a new note in her voice now, an oddly determined note.

"Yes?"

"Dear, I didn't want to tell you—not right now—but I—I don't know how I could go through it alone. I think I'd . . . kill myself . . ."

The speed of the car slackened as his foot slipped from the throttle. He turned to look at her, his mouth a little open; forgetting, in his amazement, where he was until the pull of wheels on soft gravel made him wrench the machine back onto the road. And even this was automatic.

"Sally! You don't mean you're—"

"Yes. A baby."

"Good Lord!" But as he drove on, he thought, "A son!" and unexpected delight rose in him.

Joe did not return to his home at all that night, spending it instead at the hotel. It was dusk the next afternoon when Mary saw him coming up the path from the street, and was filled with the unreasoning certainty that he was returning to her, coming to wipe out all the memories of *Continued on page* 48

He had so much—but he was afraid. Could she who had nothing help him to see all that he couldn't see with his own eyes?

THE well-built young man in the expensive camels-hair topcoat looked around the room appreciatively. "It's a nice room," he said, and it was. It had a double bed made of maple, with a white and blue candlewick spread covering what was obviously a self-respecting sort of mattress. White and blue curtains hung at the dormer window, and a plain blue rug was on the floor. The bedside table, the dresser, and the two chairs, one straight and one comfortable, were all made of maple, polished until it looked like reddish-brown satin. The whole place was as clean as the March air in the outdoors the young man had just left.

Mrs. King, standing beside and just behind him, said, "Thank you. Dick Wilson was very comfortable here for about eighteen months. That was before he got married."

"Yeah," the young man said. He told me. I was just drivin' through and stopped at the station for some gas. I liked the looks of this town—what's its name?"

"Crockersville."

"Yeah, Crockersville. So I asked the fellow there if he knew any place I could stay and he sent me here."

"Dick's a nice boy," Mrs. King said comfortably. "Will you be staying long?"

"Well, I dunno," the young man said nervously. "That depends—"

"But you'll want it longer than just for tonight?"

"Oh, sure! I'll take it by the week."

"I can accommodate you for meals too, if you'd like to have them in."

The young man pulled a shiny wallet from the pocket of his tweed suit and began fumbling some bills out of it with inexpert hands. "Yeah," he said. "I'd want that too—the meals, I mean. How much'll it be all together?"

"Fifteen dollars." She took the money he held out to her. "Thank you, Mr. —?"

"Uh—Brown. Jack Brown," he said, as if surprised at the sound of the name.

"Mr. Brown," she repeated after him. "Well, if there's anything you want, just let me know.

He took a hesitant step toward the door. "My car—I left it outside. I won't get a parking ticket, will I?"

"Here in Crockersville?" Mrs. King laughed reassurance. "I should say not."

"Well—maybe I better go out and lock it."

"Oh no, it's quite safe. Nobody'll steal it. We haven't had a theft in Crockersville for years."

There was a light footstep in the hall outside the room, and Mr. Jack Brown jumped. "Who's that?" The words were like two quick bullets shot out of a gun.

Mrs. King didn't appear to notice his nervousness. "My daughter," she said. "Come in, Julie, and meet Mr. Brown."

A girl stood on the threshold, a girl who seemed to be made entirely of light and shadow, and not of flesh at all. Her hair was a pale gold, almost a silver-gilt, and

One Life to Live

the skin of her face and hands was like cream in moonlight. Only her eyes were startlingly real. They were very large, thickly fringed, deeply blue. Then she put out her hand, and he took it, and the illusion of unreality vanished at once. Her hand was small, but it was strong and warm.

Almost as if she had read his thoughts and was repaying an unspoken compliment, she said, "You have a good honest hand, Mr. Brown."

He was embarrassed, and stammered when he said, "Yeah? Well—thanks. You—your hands feel pretty nice too."

Mrs. King and Julie both laughed. The mother's laugh was hearty, Julie's gay. Mrs. King asked, "What time would you like breakfast, Mr. Brown?"

"Huh?—Oh—nine-thirty—ten—"

"Why not ten?" Julie asked. "And I'll promise not to start practicing until then."

Mrs. King's plump arm went around her daughter's shoulders. "Julie's studying to be a concert pianist," she said pridefully, "and she takes her practicing very seriously."

"Listen," Mr. Brown said. "I used to live next door to a boiler factory, and I never slept better in my life. So go ahead and practice."

"I'll try to make you feel at home," Julie promised. "Good night."

When they had gone, he pivoted on one heel, looking around the room once more, before he took off his coat. Then he stared at the door which Mrs. King had closed behind her. It had just struck him that Julie's expression, as she talked to him, had been curiously intent and watchful—an odd expression, as if she were seeing something more than his broad shoulders and long arms and legs, his regular features and close-cropped brown hair. But he decided, after a moment, that he'd imagined all this.

The next morning he came downstairs at a quarter of ten. Julie had been practicing for a full hour, filling the house with intricate melodies, so hard to follow with the ear that it was hard to believe human fingers had created them. He said, as she struck brilliant chords to punctuate the end of the piece she was playing, "That was swell, sister. You're *good!* How long you been at this?"

Julie swung around on the piano stool to face him. "Oh, good morning! Why, I've been playing for about ten years, I guess."

"Well, you're *all right.*" He smiled a little, cleared his throat, and smiled again; then, seizing eagerly upon something to keep the conversation from dying: "Say, don't you use any music to play from?"

Julie shook her head.

"You play by heart!" he said wonderingly. "Gee! That's a gift. Your mother says you're going to be one of those concert players?"

"I hope to be. In an-

Standing over him with fists clenched, he said, "And now I'm through with you." Julie dropped to her knees beside Jim.

other year I think I'll be ready."

He came closer to the piano and stood above her, big hands thrust deep into his pockets. "Where'll you go and play?"

"Oh, every place," Julie said. "I've dreamt about playing all over the world, but I guess that will have to wait a little while. But there's all of our country — and South America—and Canada—" Her face grew rapt, as if already she heard the applause, saw the unfamiliar places.

THE young man chuckled, a little bitterly. "Funny! Here I've been all over the place. Chicago—California—New York—Kansas City—I even went to Tiajuana once — So what? One hotel room is the same as any other. Half those places aren't worth seein'. You can take it from me."

Julie's eyes hadn't left his face, and he had again that quick, disturbing feeling that she could see past it into his thoughts. "If you say that," she told him, "you really couldn't have *lived* in those places. Why, just think of the millions of lives that make up a big city. Each town has a flavor—a soul of its own —and as you drift through the streets and allow yourself to become a part of that city you begin to know all of the people. You become a part of *them*. And when that happens you will never have to worry, never have a regret, and—" she hesitated, a very little—"and never have to be afraid."

He blinked uncomfortably. "Yeah? Well, you certainly sound like you believe it. But listen—how can you say you won't ever have to be afraid of anything?"

"Because all those people are like you—they're part of you, and you're part of them. And you wouldn't want to hurt anybody, so why should they?"

"Mmmm . . ." Finding no answer to that, he took refuge in masculine coquetry. "For a pretty girl like you, sister, you got a lot of quaint ideas."

Unflattered, she said, "Do you really think I'm pretty?"

"As if you didn't know! That soft yellow hair—and your mouth—and your long hands—" Suddenly, under her direct gaze, he was ashamed of himself. He burst out, "Why do you look at me like that?"

"I was just wondering what you look like," she said. "I guess you didn't know—I'm blind. I've been blind since I was ten years old."

There was a hushed, shocked silence. Then he said, "Say, I'm—I'm terribly sorry! I mean—talking about places not being worth seeing and all. You must think I'm an awful kind of heel."

"You didn't say anything intentionally . . ."

"And all this about going around the world playing the piano—you want to go through with that—even with two strikes against you? With all the competition from other people?"

"I won't be afraid," Julie said. "I'll be doing what I've always dreamed about. I'll be filled with so much happiness there won't be any room for fear left in me."

Incredulously—"It sounds so easy when you say it like that."

"It is easy—for everybody."

She was so certain, so calmly sure, that he almost believed her. But he thrust aside his momentary doubt. "Yeah!" It was a short, derisive sound. "Let me tell you, sister, you get up against some things that — well — there's just nothing you can do about 'em. I'm telling you!"

"I wish you would tell me, some time," Julie said softly.

"Huh? Tell you what?"

"What it is you're afraid of."

"I'm not afraid of—who said I was afraid of anything?" he asked angrily.

"I wish you'd tell me about it some time," she said instead of answering his protest. "Maybe I could help you to see things—the way I do."

And while he stared at her in amazement she stood up and went toward the dining room. "I think your breakfast is ready now."

Mr. Jack Brown didn't once leave the house, all that day. Part of the time he was in his room, but mostly he was with Julie, listening to her practice, or talking. Late in the afternoon she asked him to read to her, and thrust an old volume in limp leather into his hands. It was an edition of Shakespeare's plays.

" 'Cowards die many times before their deaths,' " he read aloud, slowly; " 'the valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders I have ever heard, it seems to me most strange that men should fear, seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come.' " He stopped, and said in scorn, "Huh! You can only die once, can't you?"

"That's the point," Julie said. "So why go through all the agony in your mind beforehand? Will that put it off? Will it make it any easier? No! And then suppose it doesn't happen at all?"

He opened his mouth to answer —and held it open, silently, as the doorbell pealed. It rang again, insistently.

"Who's that?" There was the sharp, jagged edge of panic in his voice.

"Some friend, I expect," Julie said. "Mother's out—I'll answer it."

"No." He leaped to his feet. With more assurance, he added, "I'll go."

There was a little hallway outside the living room, and the outer door opened at the end of this. Julie heard the click of the latch, then a man's voice, low and menacing:

"Well! So here you are—even opening the door for me!"

"Whitey!"

"You yellow, cowardly—" The man's voice was louder now, and Julie knew he had stepped into the house.

"Whitey—don't start anything here—cut it out!"

"What is it?" Julie called. "Mr. Brown, what is it?"

Both men had come into the living room now, and the newcomer, the one called Whitey, laughed. "Mr. Brown, huh? Girlie, do you know who this egg really is? He's Jim Denny, challenger for the world's heavyweight championship—and a crawling coward!"

She stood in the middle of the floor, straining her eyes toward the sound of his voice. "But what has he done?"

"I'll tell you what he's done! He's run out on me—on me!—his manager, his own brother! I prime him for six years so he can take all comers. He's goin' great guns—he's up there—the next step is the championship—and what does he do? He walks out on me and disappears the day we're going to sign for the match. Good Lord, sister, haven't you read about it in the newspapers?"

"No," Julie said. "No, I haven't."

Whitey *Continued on page* 48

A poignant radio story, fictionized by Norton Russell, heard on the Lincoln Highway broadcast, Saturday at 11:00 A.M., E.S.T., over the NBC-Red, sponsored by Shinola.

The Bartons

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Introducing those enjoyable Bartons, the family you laugh and cry with in their daily adventures heard on the NBC-Red network, written by Harlan Ware and sponsored by Duz. See them all in real life photographs on the following pages

TO BUD BARTON there is nothing quite so enjoyable as lifting the hood of his jalopy and watching the motor run. Joy Wynn, sitting on the fender, is a next-door neighbor of the Bartons and has a half ownership in the car. Bud's sister, Midge, who is looking at Bud, thinks his car is all right, but nothing to get excited about.

BUD BARTON is a typical, wholesome, American boy, who, like most thirteen year old boys, is quite frequently the cause of major household disturbances. Right now, life with the Bartons evolves mostly around Bud's love for a car he has acquired and his passionate desire to keep it. Not long ago, he took a little girl, Joy Wynn, to the Dreamland Theater and Joy held a winning ticket, which entitled her to a jalopy. But, since Bud paid for the ticket, he felt the car should belong to him. Mr. Barton has forbidden him to drive any car until he is sixteen, but Bud has talked his father into letting him keep the jalopy in the garage where he can "Just look at it" until his father lets him drive. Very often, Bud's alert and imaginative ideas are difficult for his father to grasp. Bud is often woefully wrong, sometimes amazingly right, always honest.

(Played by Dick Holland)

MR. BARTON, Bud's father, is nervous and worried at times, but almost any one would be if he had the family problems which beset Henry Barton. He's a kind, sweet man, who understands that children must have ninety meals a month, with lunches in between, but, like most fathers there are a good many things about his children which completely baffle him. He half understands Bud's great yearning to drive a car, but fears that Bud may get into an accident if given permission. He sympathizes with Midge's desire to wear expensive clothes in her school play, but becomes upset when she speaks of dresses that will cost "only" twenty dollars. He is in his glory when he gets a slight cold and the family puts him to bed and babies him. Like most men, he worries about his tractor business and his health while trying to be a modern, calm father to Bud and Midge.

(Played by Bill Bouchey)

MIDGE BARTON (left) *is a pretty, sweet, lovable girl of seventeen. She considers herself many years older than Bud in wisdom and, although she loves her younger brother very much, she is likely to think his problems are childish. But, her problems are something else again! Right now, she's very excited and upset about playing the lead in a local charity show for War Relief and, her part, that of a rich, Long Island society deb, is, according to her, as important as that of Gertrude Lawrence's in that New York show, "Lady In The Dark." She's upset because she needs two different riding habits in the play and she has only eighty-seven cents and her father is not easily convinced that he ought to buy them for her. Whenever she seems on the verge of getting her father to see the light regarding her costumes for the play, Bud has to upset him by talking about that car of his. Midge is always "tying up" the family telephone, talking to her boy friends.*
(Played by Jane Webb)

MRS. BARTON (right) *is a sweet, warm woman with a delightful sense of humor, who is always a little amused by everyone in her family. She is a wonderful mother to Bud and Midge, one who knows how to help them solve their tremendous problems without letting them know she is helping them. Her husband needs more care than her children, particularly when he becomes involved in their problems and, with her firm, understanding, practical way, she is always on hand to help her husband out of difficulty. She knows his moods and she knows when it is best for the children to approach him with their pleas. Mrs. Barton's first interest in life is her home and children, but she is also active in the Ladies' League and has done a great deal to help the under-privileged children of Clarksville. She is also a neighborly person and quick to help the others in the block, and this kindness has won her great affection from all of Clarksville. Bud and Midge are proud of their mother and believe her to be the wisest woman in the world. One thing is certain: she is the backbone of this charming, delightful family.*
(Played by Fern Persons)

JOY WYNN (right) the little, eleven-year-old girl who lives near the Bartons is more often in their home than her own. The reason is Bud Barton, her hero. When she won the car, Bud's father was all for her keeping it, but Joy's papa had different ideas and so the car went back to the Barton garage. Now, she and Bud have a joint partnership in the jalopy. Joy's mother, a former Follies dancer, is a good woman, but flighty, her father is a very weak man and often takes to drinking, which leaves the family in dire financial straits. Mr. Barton helped Joy's father get a job which he promptly lost and now Mr. Barton has suggested to Bud that he sell the car in order to help the family out of their trouble. Joy is very proud and Bud is having a terrible time convincing her that their car should be sold. In fact, he, too, wishes there was some other way out of the situation. Joy is a wise girl for her eleven years and is not easily fooled by Bud, whom she adores. The Bartons all love her.
(Played by Rosemary Gorbell)

GRANDMA BARTON (left), Mr. Barton's mother, has lived with the family for a good many years now and has played an active and wonderfully helpful role in their lives. She is the most tolerant and understanding person in the house and everyone comes to her with his problems. Grandma has never failed to help Bud and Midge because she understands that although children and adults live in the same house they often live in different worlds. She thinks Bud is a great deal like his grandfather, who passed away a number of years ago, but whose memory she still reveres. When Mr. Barton gets mixed up by Bud's reasoning, he always comes to his mother for help and she invariably reminds him of his own childhood. He pretends that her opinions are not so good, because they embarrass him, but he usually takes her advice. Bud also has long, philosophical talks with his grandmother, which are amusing and educational. Midge talks to her as woman-to-woman, and Martha Barton, her daughter-in-law, loves her just as much as the children and her husband do. Although she is old in years, she is young in heart and spirit.
(Played by Cathryn Card)

Woman of Courage

Suddenly Martha was frightened and very tired. She had fought so gallantly to save their love, but this latest folly was too much for any wife to forgive

THE STORY:

WHEN Jim Jackson was crippled in a fall from the scaffolding of a house he was building, Martha, his wife, had thought her greatest problem would be finding means to support him, herself, their daughter Lucy and their adopted son Tommy. But she soon found that a much more difficult task was fighting Jim's depression, his conviction that he was worthless now, both to himself and to her.

The financial question was solved when Martha turned the front of their home into a grocery store and took in a lodger, George Harrison. But George brought with him a new difficulty, for he soon was unable to hide his adoration of Martha—and Jim, seeing this, was more than ever sure he should give Martha the freedom she did not want. When Jim learned finally that all hope of curing him was gone, he actually tried to force Martha to agree to a divorce. It was George and Martha together who led him to submit plans for a new airplane factory that was to be built in Farmington. On the strength of his plans Jim won the contract, and with it much of his old self-confidence—until, one day, he overheard a gossiping woman remark that he had been given the contract only out of pity.

Jim's pride revolted at this. Hysterically, he declared that he would not complete the factory, and seemed about to retreat into one of his deadly, brooding moods of self-pity when a welcome, unexpected interruption arrived, in the form of an official-looking letter to Martha from New York.

MARTHA turned the envelope over curiously. It was heavy, expensive looking stationery.

"Open it, Mother!" Lucy said excitedly.

"What could any lawyers want with me?" Martha murmured. She read the letter quickly. "Oh," she sighed, "poor Uncle Whitney!"

"What is it, Mother?" Lucy cried.

"Something wrong?" Jim asked pessimistically.

Martha glanced at him reassuringly. She was glad something could move him out of his silence and despondency.

"No," she said, "not exactly. My Uncle Whitney died last week and, according to this letter, he made me his only heir."

"You mean we're rich!" Lucy shouted.

"I don't know," Martha said. "I have no idea whether Uncle Whitney was rich or not. I only saw him a few times, when I was a little girl."

"Well, gee!" Lucy said. "Well—for goodness sake! Didn't they say how much? Didn't they send a check or something?"

Martha had to laugh at her daughter's impatience. "The will hasn't been probated, yet," she said. "I'll have to go to New York."

"Can I go, too?" Lucy pleaded. "I've always wanted to go to New York."

"No, Lucy," Martha said. "I think I'll just go alone, this time. Tommy—Lucy, you'll both be late for school."

"Wait 'til the girls hear about this!" Lucy gurgled, pulling on her hat and coat.

As they hurried out the back door, Tommy said,

"I hate to spoil your fun," Martha said a little wearily, "but I still don't know how much money I'm getting from the will."

Read it as an exciting novel, then tune in this absorbing serial daily at 10:45 A. M., E. S. T., over CBS, sponsored by Octagon Soap in the East, Crystal White in the West. Illustration posed by the cast—left to right, Tess Sheehan as Cora, Esther Ralston as Martha, Joan Tetzel as Lucy, Albert Hecht as Jim, Enid Markey as Lillian.

"Lucy, what does it mean—rich?"

Lucy laughed. "It means having lots and lots of money and being able to have everything you ever wanted."

Martha sighed. How wonderful it would be, she thought, if it were really as simple as that. She looked at the clock. She wanted to remind Jim that he was late for work, but she remembered his hysterical despair of the afternoon before and she couldn't think of any way to open the subject without casting him back into the depths of self pity and hopelessness.

"I'm very happy that this happened for you, Martha," Jim said gravely. "You deserve a little luck."

Martha's heart contracted. It was there again, that hint of failure in his voice. She was glad the phone rang, so she didn't have to answer him.

"It's for you, Jim," Martha called from the hallway. "The foreman wants to know whether you'll be down today."

There was a long pause. To Martha, it almost seemed as if she could hear the conflict going on in Jim's mind. At last, the answer came.

"Tell him I'll be right over," Jim called. "Tell him I overslept."

Martha delivered the message, making her voice light, making a joke of a grown man's oversleeping. But her heart was heavy. It had taken Jim a long time to make up his mind.

She returned to the kitchen and went about her work quietly. The sounds of Jim's hurried preparations came to her and, in a few minutes, he called to her, "Goodbye, Martha. I may be late for supper, tonight." He went out through the store.

Martha went quickly through the house and peered after him down the street. He was wheeling his chair as fast as he could, the early morning sun glinting on the wheels. He was sitting very erect and there was a sort of strain about the way he was hurrying. And

Martha wondered whether that strain was entirely due to his being late.

She thought of the afternoon before. She saw again the gray mask of his face and heard again the hollow, empty voice, as it muttered, over and over, "Cripple, cripple, cripple." He had not stopped to think that no amount of pity could make a Commission turn over an important defense job to anyone but the most competent, capable person. He had not thought, at all.

AND now, Martha wondered what it was that made him sit up so straight, look so determined, as he wheeled himself to work. Her mind shuddered away from the suspicion that Jim was being driven by some foolish notions about not living on his wife's money.

Strange, she thought, the change that trouble had made in Jim. If this bit of luck had come their way before his accident, how different he would have been. He would have been happy, gay. It never would have occurred to him to think of this money, much or little, as hers and not his.

The telephone rang and Martha shook off her depressing thoughts. She had no right to give way to worries like this, when she didn't know what was working in Jim's mind. She picked up the phone.

"Martha!" Cora shrilled. "What's this I hear?"

"About what?" Martha asked.

"About you being rich all of a sudden," Cora said.

"Already?" Martha laughed.

"You mean it's true?" Cora gasped.

"I really don't know," Martha said.

"Martha, you stop talking riddles, now," Cora said. "Mrs. Blake heard Lucy tell her Joyce that you'd inherited a huge fortune and she called me right away and I felt like an awful fool."

Martha laughed again. Quickly she told Cora what little she knew. "You'd better come over as soon as you can," she finished. "We'll have to make some arrangements about the store while I'm gone."

But there was little chance to do anything about the house that day. The store bell rang incessantly. Everyone in Farmington seemed to know about Martha's good fortune. Old Veronica Hall sniffed critically and said she hadn't really expected to find the store open. And when Martha tried to explain that she didn't know whether she was rich or not, Veronica looked as though she didn't believe her. "Some people never have enough," she heard Veronica whisper to another woman, as they left the store.

Martha was hurt, but there wasn't much time for her to dwell on that, because Lillian bustled in, breathless with excitement.

"Lillian!" Martha exclaimed. "Shouldn't you be working?"

"Oh," Lillian tossed her head. "I quit! I told that old Schmidt a thing or two. I said, 'Now that my sister's a wealthy woman, I won't have to take orders from an old skinflint like you.' You should have seen his face! Oh, I'm so happy, Martha!" she cried effusively, kissing her sister's startled face.

Martha pulled away from her. "Lillian, that's awful!"

"Why, Martha!" Lillian said. "With all that money, you wouldn't want your sister to go on working as a SERVANT!"

Next Month

Loquacious Vic, long-suffering Sade, mischievous Rush—see all your favorite Vic and Sade characters as they really are—in Living Portraits—in the April issue of Radio Mirror

Cora snorted. Martha was tired of telling people she didn't know how much money she was going to get—if any. She sighed and launched into it, once again, for Lillian's benefit. And, seeing the look of personal injury and disillusionment that clouded Lillian's face, Martha realized that this inheritance of hers was a mixed blessing, at best.

Now Cora said, matter of factly, "Well, Lillian, since you gave up your other job, you can take care of the store while Martha is away."

Martha was no happier about this arrangement than Lillian, but there wasn't time to make other plans before she left for New York. Several times, she tried to talk to Jim and Lucy about keeping an eye on Lillian, but they seemed to think the store was no longer important. And, in a way, Martha was grateful. It didn't matter that Jim was full of ambitious plans, which might never materialize. What did matter was that his thoughts were turned outward, on things outside himself, and he had returned to his work on the airplane factory with renewed energy and interest.

When Martha finally got on the train, she breathed a sigh of relief. It struck her a little funny that everyone else had been so excited that she herself had had no time to feel anything. Here she was, setting out on a trip to New York and all she felt was a longing for peace and quiet.

It wasn't until the train rumbled into the dark tunnel leading into New York City, that Martha felt a thrill of anticipation. She laughed at herself, inwardly, for behaving like a child. But she shook that off quickly. After all, why shouldn't she be excited?

Just as she was about to tell a Red Cap to get her a taxi, a man stepped up to her and said, "I beg your pardon — but are you Mrs. Jackson of Farmington?"

Martha stared at him in amazement. He was tall and good looking, about thirty-five or so. He was very poised and his smile was warm and friendly.

"Why—yes—"

His smile broadened. "Allow me to present myself, Mrs. Jackson," he said. "I'm William Moore, of the law firm that handles your uncle's estate."

"How do you do?" Martha said. "But how did you—"

William Moore grinned. "Somehow," he said, "you look just as I expected you to look."

For a moment, Martha wondered whether he meant that she was just unmistakably countrified. Then, she realized he had meant it as a compliment.

To Martha, it was wonderful just to sit back and let someone else take care of her, for a change. William Moore had thought of everything. He had reserved a suite for her in one of the most fashionable hotels in the city and breakfast was waiting for them, out on a little terrace, from which she could see the entire city stretched out before her.

After breakfast, William Moore gave Martha a cashier's check for seven thousand dollars. Casually, he advised her not to spend all of it, because it would take about two thousand dollars to open the house her uncle had left her in Old Port and to run it for a month.

"Two thousand dollars to run a house?" Martha exclaimed. "For a month?" She smiled. "Why, we've done with *Continued on page* 52

The Man I Almost Married

Two loves beckoned her—one toward the exquisite rapture she had once known, the other toward an unknown future — and she must decide irrevocably what her heart really desired

"It's never too late," he urged, and in the moonlight his eyes seemed to possess me.

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THE sea stretched cold and bleak before me until it reached a slate-colored sky that seemed to bend to meet it. The tall, barren rocks that line the coast of Maine towered on either side. The March wind tore at my hair and at my skirts. Above the crashing of the waves, the only sound was the seagulls that screamed and circled overhead. And in all that gray expanse of sea and shore and sky not a living soul moved except myself.

Yet to me it was not lonely. To me that bleakness offered a harsh sanctuary in which, at last, I could sort out the things that troubled me, face them and make my decision.

I had been here once before, years ago as a little girl, with my parents. Then it had been summer, and the beach was gay with bright umbrellas and bathers and children digging in the sand. Now there was no echo of those distant shouts and laughter. Now there were only my tormented thoughts that pounded at me as ceaselessly as those gray waves pounded at the shore.

I was staying at the inn, which was officially closed until the season should open in July. If the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Connick, had thought it strange that a young woman of twenty-four should choose March as a time to come alone to the coast of Maine, they made no mention of it. With the simple and uncurious politeness of New England folk, they had opened up a room for me, served my meals, and

A RADIO DRAMA OF MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS

asked no questions. That was what I had wanted and needed, and I was grateful.

Every day I walked for miles along the shore, deliberately tiring myself so I should sleep at night. Every day I wrestled with the doubts in my own soul, struggling to make the decision I would have to abide by for the rest of my life. Once before my life had been broken into pieces. I had patched it together again as best I could, and gone on. Now it was torn to shreds again, and this time whatever I decided was to be irrevocable, forever and ever amen. This time there would be no turning back, no second chance. And this time it involved not only myself but the happiness of others.

I TURNED away from my protected pocket between the rocks, and walked along the beach. I walked like one driven. Over and over, my heart repeated one name and one image—a tall figure with laughing eyes that looked deep into mine. And yet—

It was then I heard the hail. I whirled around. A short, chubby figure was hurrying toward me over the sand, calling my name. He was not one of the fishermen from the neighborhood, for he was dressed in city clothes that contrasted oddly with the barren surroundings; and the choppy little stride that brought him closer was not that of an outdoor man. I waited, a little apprehensively.

He was slightly over middle age, with iron gray hair and quick, intelligent eyes. He smiled as he reached me.

"You're Jane Wingate, aren't you?"

"Yes . . ." I said, half questioningly.

He regarded me for a moment, steadily. Then he said, "Why are you running away, Jane?"

Fear closed around my heart. "I—I don't know what you mean. Who are you?"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. My name is Keen. I'm from New York. I'm a tracer of lost persons."

"Oh! I've heard of you from—from a friend."

"I wonder if the friend could have been Tom Galloway. It was he who sent me here."

"Tom sent you here? What business was it of his?" I said furiously. "And what business is it of yours to track me down and search me out like—like a criminal? I'm not doing anybody any harm."

"Perhaps," he said gently, "you are doing yourself harm. And when a lovely young lady suddenly disappears, it is the business of those who love her to try and find her again. It is my business to trace lost people. And you are lost, Jane. Aren't you?"

"If I am, I can find myself again."

"But not like this. Not by running away from the world. You've always done it, haven't you? When things went wrong you tried to cut yourself off from life, to shut out feeling and emotion, to live in some rigid sphere of your own, never relaxing for fear you might be hurt again."

I stared at him. "What makes you say that?"

"Don't forget you've been missing nearly a week." He took my arm and began to walk me down the beach. "After Tom asked me to take the case, I talked to several friends of yours who know you and love you very much. From what they told me I pieced together a picture—and I see now that it was pretty accurate."

There was so much kindness in his gray eyes, so much understanding that I felt my anger evaporate. "Did the picture tell you I'd be here?"

He laughed. "Tom suggested this place. While we were cudgelling our brains to think where you might be, he suddenly remembered a chance remark of yours months ago. You said you'd been to a place as a child that you'd often thought of since as the most perfect place to be alone. You said that if anything ever troubled you, you would choose Correction Cove to come and think it out. So—here we are."

"Imagine Tom remembering a little thing like that."

Mr. Keen's eyes twinkled. "Imagine," he said. Then he added more seriously, "Now, Jane, where can we go and talk? Isn't there some place out of the wind . . . ?"

"There's a little shelter over there." I pointed to where I had been standing. "But—Mr. Keen, you're being very kind. But I don't want to talk. There is nothing to be gained by talk. I came here to make a decision and I would like to make it alone."

"No. I'm afraid you want only to look at the memories you treasure in your heart—and memories can sometimes play you false. I think I can help you. Don't forget that distant music is always sweetest, that the moonlight that shone over

I held up my lips to his and in the moment of our kiss all the false memories withered away.

Listen to Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, in thrilling dramas, heard Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights at 7:15, E.S.T., on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Kolynos Toothpaste.

a college campus five years ago is far lovelier than any that shines today, and that people have an aura of romance that we've built around them in our memories. That was the way it was with Gilbert Forrester, wasn't it?"

"So you know about that, too," I whispered. "You know about Gil."

We had reached the little cove by that time. The wind had died and there was a ray of afternoon sun struggling through the clouds. I sank down on the sand, suddenly weary. Then I looked up at the man who was watching me so steadily out of those kindly gray eyes. I patted the sand beside me.

"Sit down," I said. "I'd like to tell you all about it. . . ."

It began when I was in college. It seems to me a lot of things begin then. You are old enough to think yourself grown. Your mind and senses are at their most receptive point and you are hungry for life. You stand at its threshold, eager and unafraid, too young for wisdom but too young for disillusion, too. It is a moment like a bright coin spun in the air, and it will never come again.

My senior year was the happiest of my life, for it was at its beginning that I met Gilbert Forrester. He was like a golden thread running through the pattern of those days until he had wound himself completely around my heart and enmeshed it. Gil was handsome, Gil laughed at life. He could have anything he wanted—and he wanted me.

I couldn't believe it. I wasn't gay. In fact, I was rather serious. And I wasn't pretty—except, Marcia McNair said, when I was with Gil, and then I was beautiful. Marcia was my room mate and best friend, and she said when I was with Gil or when I spoke of him a radiance transformed me that was like a light shining through. Marcia and I were as close as sisters, and she knew the night Gil first said he loved me and the night we first talked of marriage and the vague but ecstatic plans we made for it. We would wait till after Commencement, Gil was to go into his father's business—"Not that I'll be much good at it, but the old man wants me there and he'll pay enough so we can be married right away," he'd said—and then maybe the following fall, maybe the following winter we would be married, and then—and then—

Oh, those golden, singing days when Gil and I were nineteen and in love.

Then came the Spring dance and after that everything was different. Violet Eaton was at that dance, and Violet was *Continued on page* 78

Because I Loved

"Are you hurting someone else?" her conscience prompted, but Elizabeth knew only that her greatest need was to be near Bill, to have the shelter of his arms

AS I got off the bus the rain which had been pouring steadily all day suddenly ceased. Dark clouds scudded overhead, then vanished into thin smoky wisps and in their place the sky was filled with the gold of the setting sun. I raised my head, moved by the beauty of the flashing colors, and involuntarily my spirits lifted. Perhaps the sunset, driving the storm away, was a good omen for me. Perhaps it meant that my own storm of worry was to end. I walked on again, faster than before. Surely, my heart sang, this would be my lucky day, the day when I would find waiting for me a letter offering me one of the innumerable jobs for which I had been interviewed during the past few weeks.

It was Bill Stuart, standing by the microphone, who had all my attention.

I hurried through the lobby of the Hotel Woolford, "the homelike hotel for young women of refinement" which, though not quite so homelike as its advertisements promised, had been the only home I'd known since I'd said goodbye to mom and dad and left to come to the capital city of our state. At the desk I could hardly restrain my excitement for there was mail for me. I could see a number of letters in my mailbox at the back of the desk.

The gray-haired clerk smiled when he reached back for my key and the letters. Then he paused, holding the letters just out of reach. "You know," he said chattily, "you're the second Elizabeth Adams we've had as our guest." He paused and said, "Yes sir, the first one moved out just a little while before you came."

I smiled in answer, hoping that if I just nodded and didn't speak he would give up his attempt to be sociable and give me the letters he still held. Finally, when he saw I wasn't going to join him in his gossiping, he put the mail in my hand and I turned toward the elevator, scarcely hearing his final words.

As soon as I reached my room I tore the envelopes open feverishly, only to toss them aside one by one. The letters to which I had looked forward so hopefully consisted of circulars from neighborhood beauty and dress shops, a price list from the laundry on the corner and a printed announcement of current films at the movie theater in the next block—the usual collection of uninteresting and meaningless advertisements which are stuffed indiscriminately into hotel mail boxes.

It had started to rain again and the drumming of the storm against the window brought back my earlier dejection. For the first time I began to wonder if coming to this city had been a mistake. I had been so confident that morning nearly a month ago when I had left the small town in which I had always lived, so positive that here I would find the opportunity for a successful business career which I

You

had not found at home. I had dreamed of the trip for a long time and had planned for it. I had felt that to be on the safe side I should have money enough for at least three months in the city, for I had known that once I left home I couldn't count on Dad and Mother for financial help—Dad is a doctor and a fine one, but he's also one of the kindest hearted men in the world, which means that he goes on taking care of his patients whether they can pay him or not. But even the knowledge that I would be completely on my own hadn't worried me. I'd saved every penny I could spare out of my allowance and when my savings had reached the goal I'd decided on, I had set out, certain that before the three months were up I would be self-supporting.

I wasn't so certain of that now. I had interviewed so many prospective employers, filled out so many application cards that I could not remember all of them, and still I hadn't had a sign of encouragement.

And almost worse than worrying about a job was the appalling loneliness. At home I had known everyone and I had taken for granted that it would be just as easy to make friends elsewhere, but instead of the gaiety and companionship I had dreamed of there had been solitary evenings in this small hotel room. Here I was forced to admit on this dreary, rainy night, I was just another unknown. In all the thousands of people in the city there wasn't a single person who knew or cared what was happening to me.

It was strange, then, since I had no friends, that my phone should ring out in the silence. When I answered it, somewhat puzzled, a pleasant masculine voice asked, "Is this Miss Adams?"

"Yes."

"I'm Bill Stuart," the voice went on. "I roomed with Tom at the University." From the pause that followed I realized the unknown speaker was waiting for a reply, but I couldn't remember knowing anyone named Tom.

"Tom?" I repeated at last.

He was tall, and he had dark hair which, beneath the lights, showed more than a trace of red.

"Yes." The unseen Mr. Stuart laughed. "Tom Richards—your cousin."

This was even more bewildering, for I haven't any cousin. "I think there must be some mistake," I began.

"Aren't you Elizabeth Adams?"

"Yes, I am, but—" abruptly the explanation flashed into my mind. Only this evening the hotel clerk had mentioned a former guest whose name was the same as mine. "There was another girl named Elizabeth Adams who used to live here," I said slowly. "She must be the one you want."

"Oh-h." The long-drawn syllable held disappointment but there was more assurance in the next words. "I was calling to ask Miss Adams if she would have dinner with me. Since she isn't there would you —I mean, *Continued on page* 59

Presenting MANHATTAN

First known as the founder of the famous two-piano team of Ohman and Arden, Victor Arden now leads Merry Go Round's band.

Marian MacManus and Alan Holt are two young singers who were discovered by Frank Hummert in the chorus and raised to stardom.

AT 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., each Sunday evening, millions of listeners automatically tune in on their NBC-Red stations to one of radio's most enjoyable programs. The Manhattan Merry Go Round is now in its tenth year, bringing old and new music into your homes, sung and played by a host of talented stars. Produced by Frank Hummert and sponsored by Dr. Lyons Toothpowder, the Merry Go Round recently added several new and popular entertainers to its list of stars: Lucy Monroe, dramatic soprano, baritone Conrad Thibault, Marian MacManus and Alan Holt who sing the romantic duets, and Glen Cross who specializes in rhythm—and Victor Arden, the veteran leader without whom no Merry Go Round broadcast would be complete.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Radio Mirror offers a toast to the Sunday night musical program which for more than ten years has been bringing to your radio weekend a half hour of tuneful relaxation

Conrad Thibault, above, who joined the show this past year, made radio history in that beloved old program, "Show Boat."

Above, Lucy Monroe has sung the National Anthem so often that she's called the Star Spangled Soprano.

Right, Glen Cross is Manhattan Merry Go Round's rhythm singer.

Superman in Radio

FAR out at sea, deep beneath the rolling surface of the water, a sleek gray-hulled submarine, modern symbol of one of America's first lines of defense, slipped through the murky depths like some giant, sightless creature of the uncharted ocean. Inside the steel hull of the 2SV4 the voices of its designer, Charles Grayson, and its commanding officer, Captain Denning, rose above the soft throb of its engines.

"I'm afraid to take a chance, Mr. Grayson. Why, man!—we're down to 280 now!"

"But, Captain, the purpose of this test run is to prove that my ship can stand the pressure at 400 feet and better. Every navy in the world has tried to perfect a submarine that will stand the enormous pressure of great depth. And this vessel will do it! I'll stake my life on it!"

Though besieged by doubts and memories of other tests which had failed, the Captain finally yielded. His voice didn't reveal his uncertainty as he called his diving officer on the communiphone and ordered:

"Submerge to 350!"

There wasn't a tremor as the new vessel reached 300 feet—a depth at which any other sub would have been a mass of twisted wreckage. Then—down—down—320—330—340—350! Jubilant reports came in from all stations. Every seam was tight. The 2SV4 was performing perfectly. But then, without warning, a frantic call came from the engine room:

"Captain, the motors are turning up 3000—but we're not moving!"

As the Captain ordered full speed ahead, the tense ears of the crew heard the sounds of a queer scraping on the hull. What could it mean? What had happened? No one could answer. All anyone knew was that every attempt to move was useless!

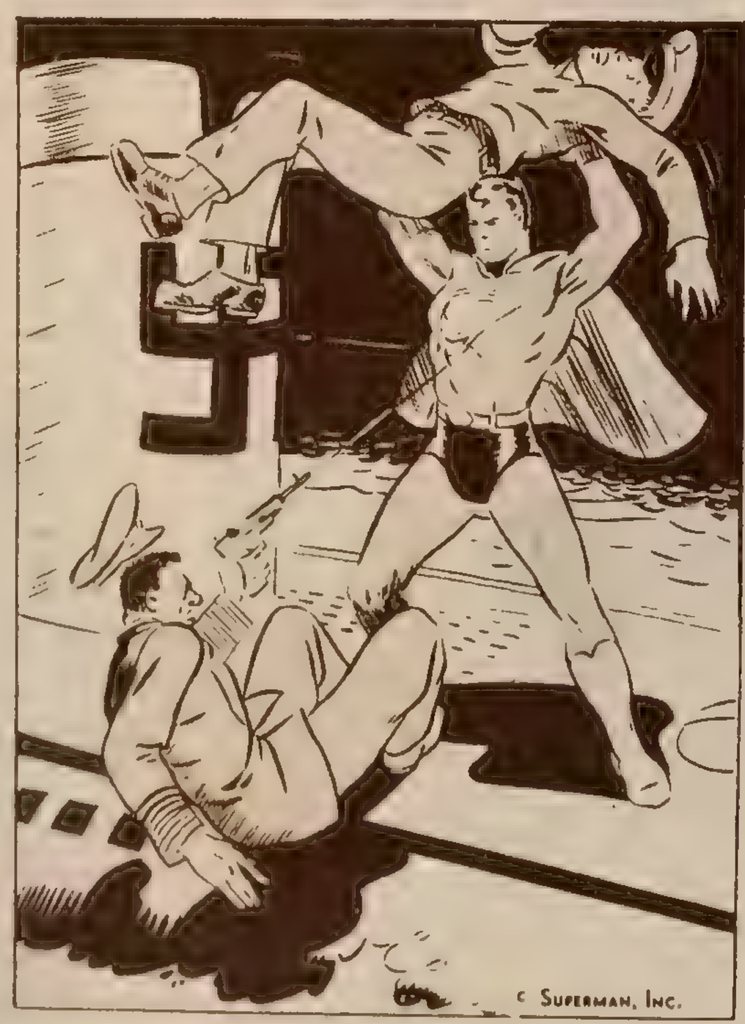
Trapped—at 350 feet—the newly designed submarine hung suspended as though in the grip of some huge sea monster, unable to move in any direction. Meanwhile, back at the Naval Base, crowds milled at the office of the Squadron Commander as the bad news traveled like wildfire. But one man, mild-looking, spectacled, was able to push his way through. It was Clark Kent. Kent who, in his disguise as star reporter of the *Daily Planet*, was really—Superman, Champion of the weak and oppressed!

In a moment Superman had reached Commander Leeds. From him he got the complete story. Leeds, who explained that the new sub had been equipped with a special deep sea radio sending and receiving set which was still operating, couldn't understand what might have happened. The sub had not sunk. It was in perfect running order. *But it couldn't move!*

Leeds led Superman into the radio room. They were just in time to hear the voice of Captain Denning say:

They heard the radioed voice of the Captain say: "We seem to be caught by something."

As the torpedo neared him, Superman's great arm reached out—he stopped it dead!



"So, Americans are stupid, are they?" Superman said, and he sprang at the two Germans.

". . . we seem to be caught by something. We hear peculiar noises on the hull as though iron chains were scraping against it. Wait!—We seem to be moving—yes—something is dragging us—something—"

The radio went dead. The base operators, trying desperately, couldn't raise a signal from the 2SV4. What could possibly drag a submarine as powerful as that? Quickly, the commander took action. They must go after the 2SV4 in another sub. True, no other vessel could go below 250 feet—but they could locate the missing ship on the magnetic finder.

Minutes later, the S23, with Superman aboard, was deep down in the ocean waters. They had reached the approximate position of the missing vessel when, suddenly, there came a sound like the clanking of chains on the hull. And then, though the motors turned, the S23 didn't budge! Superman—unnoticed—slipped into the stern of the trapped submarine. The time had come to resume his rightful guise to become Superman, to leave through the escape hatch and investigate this strange mystery of the sea! Before anyone could see him, Superman opened the hatch and shot out into the icy depths of the sea.

Cutting the water with the speed of the fastest torpedo, he circled the S23. Then, amazed, he saw and touched huge steel nets which had closed tightly around the sub. Great steel cables, stretching far off toward the shore, were attached to them. And, even as he inspected them, he felt a tug and the ship moved. Wasting no more time, Superman grasped the gigantic steel strands. As if they were silk thread, he snapped them. The cables jerked back as Superman tore off the encircling nets. Instantly, the S23 moved, free, and shot up toward the surface.

Waiting for nothing else, Superman, racing faster than any bullet, swam underwater, following exactly the direction of the cable. Seconds later, sure of his bearings, he cut upward through the sea and on up—up above the surface, his eagle eyes now searching eagerly everywhere for some sign of the still missing 2SV4. He knew that it must have been captured by the steel nets. But would it be at the end of the cable—or would it have disappeared already?

With an inward surge of pride, he noticed the gray shape of a sleek American battleship looming up in the darkness below him. But then, in a flash, every muscle in his great body jumped to attention when his x-ray eyes saw, hidden below the surface—only hundreds of yards from the ship, the long steel shape of the missing Grayson sub!

Even as he watched, 2,000 pounds of sudden death, whining like a banshee. *Continued on page* 85

SUNDAY

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	Eastern Time	
		8:00	CBS: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
8:00		9:00	CBS: **The World Today**
8:00		9:00	NBC: **News from Europe**
8:15		9:15	CBS: **From the Organ Loft**
8:15		9:15	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
8:15		9:15	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
8:30		9:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:00		10:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
9:00		10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
9:00		10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
9:30		10:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
9:30		10:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
10:00		11:00	CBS: **News**
10:00		11:00	NBC-Blue: **News**
10:05		11:05	CBS: **Vera Brodsky**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Al and Lee Reiser**
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Invitation to Learning**
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS: **Radio Chapel**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Revue in Miniature**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Music and Youth**
9:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **Syncopation Piece**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Foreign Policy Assn.**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Down South**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **I'm an American**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Music Hall**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Emma Otero**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Upton Close**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **George Fisher**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Silver Strings**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Josef Marais**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Spirit of '42**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Great Plays**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **The World Today**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Wake Up America**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Becker**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
12:30	2:30	3:30	MBS: **Disney Song Parade**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue. **Tapestry Musicale**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Listen America**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Sunday Vespers**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Tony Wons**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Pause that Refreshes**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Behind the Mike**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **The Family Hour**
		5:00	NBC-Blue: **Moylan Sisters**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC Red: **Metropolitan Auditions**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **Olivio Santoro**
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: **The Shadow**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wheeling Steelmakers**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Nichols, Family of Five**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS. **William L. Shirer**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS. **SILVER THEATER**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
3:05	5:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Gene Autry**
3:30	5:30	6:30	MBS: **Bulldog Drummond**
5:45	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Pearson and Allen**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **The Great Gildersleeve**
9:15	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: **Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **News from Europe**
8:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Jack Benny**
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Screen Guild Theater**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
7:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **HELEN HAYES**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Blue Echoes**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **CHARLIE McCARTHY**
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Crime Doctor**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Inner Sanctum Mystery**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **FORD HOUR**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Old Fashioned Revival**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
9:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **The Parker Family**
8:15	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
6:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Dinah Shore**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Take It or Leave It**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Goodwill Hour**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Columbia Workshop**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Sherlock Holmes**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Headlines and Bylines**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**

True Boardman writes most of those romantic dramas on Silver Theater.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

The Silver Theater on CBS at 6:00 P.M., E.S.T., Sunday nights, sponsored by the International Silver Company and starring the best actors of Hollywood in original comedies and dramas which are usually written by a young man named True Boardman.

True is a specialist in writing half-hour plays to fit the particular abilities of screen stars. He has to his credit a list of seventy-five original airplays—or did when this was written, and it will be more by the time you read it. He's not as proud of that record, though, as he is of being able to give any actor a script that is tailored tightly to his measure.

For instance, the Silver Theater signs up some movie celebrity—say Clark Gable—for a future program, and True has the job of writing a play for him to act in. "I sit down and think about Gable," True says, "about his mannerisms and personal history. After a while an appropriate plot begins to come into my mind—a plot that just calls for Clark Gable to play the leading man."

Maybe the reason True is able to see his stories in terms of the actors and actresses who play in them, is that he was an actor himself before he became a writer. He made his dramatic debut at the age of four by wandering onto the stage of a theater where his actor-father was playing. Soon after that he got into movies, and grew up in Hollywood, playing important roles in "Shoulder Arms" with Charlie Chaplin and "Daddy Longlegs" with Mary Pickford. Later on, he was on Broadway and in touring stock companies, and didn't get interested in writing until he turned to radio.

He's still interested in acting, and occasionally does dramatic roles on programs originating in Hollywood. In addition, he frequently puts on a good one-man show at Silver Theater rehearsals, raging, begging, and arguing with actors to show them exactly how he wanted a line to sound when he wrote it.

True is married, and has a five-year-old daughter named Penny, who thinks it's pretty silly that all of Daddy's stories are about "a man that falls in love with a girl." He says he expects she'll get the idea a little better a few years from now. Meanwhile, True himself would rather write an original story, one made up by himself, than to adapt a movie or stage play; and would rather write a story with a psychological background than anything else. He has dozens of books on psychology, and is happiest when he's reading one of them.

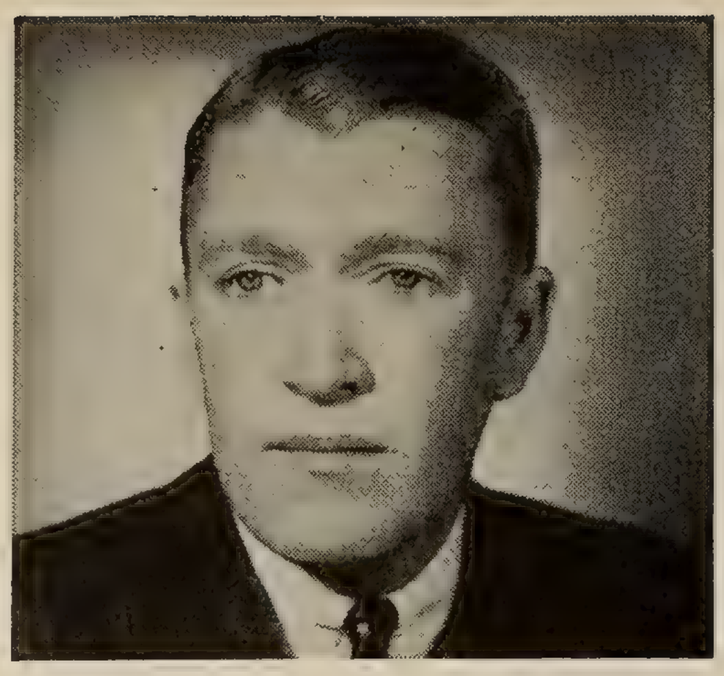
MONDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Bue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hymns of All Churches**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **A House in the Country**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
12:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Alma Kitchell**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Right to Happiness**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bartons**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC Bue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
	2:15	3:15	CBS: **News for Women**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Concert Orchestra**
1.00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue. **Arthur Tracy**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS. **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5 45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Frank Parker**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	10:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Old Gold Show**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: **Blondie**
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Cavalcade of America**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Vox Pop**
8:15	7:00	8:00	MBS: **Cal Tinney**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **I Love a Mystery**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Telephone Hour**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **GAY NINETIES**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I. Q.**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **For America We Sing**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **That Brewster Boy**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Orson Welles**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Merry-Go-Round**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Portraits in Music**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

TUESDAY

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hymns of all Churches**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **A House in the Country**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Alma Kitchell**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Right to Happiness**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bartons**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Bue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11;45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Rochester Symphony**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		6:00	CBS: **PAUL SULLIVAN**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Dorothy Kilgallen**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Edge**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
9:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:45	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Helen Menken**
6:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Burns and Allen**
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Are You a Missing Heir**
5:00	7:00	8:00	MBS: **What's My Name**
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Treasury Hour**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS **Bob Burns**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS **We, the People**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Famous Jury Trials**
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red **Battle of the Sexes**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS **Report to the Nation**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC SYMPHONY**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red **McGee and Molly**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS **Glenn Miller**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **BOB HOPE**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Red Skelton**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS **News of the World**



Paul Sullivan brings you a survey of the day's news Tuesdays and Thursdays.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Paul Sullivan bringing you the news every Tuesday and Thursday at 6:00 P.M., E.S.T., on CBS, sponsored by Liberty Magazine.

Blue-eyed, blond, and husky, Paul Sullivan is the kind of man you like to have living next door. He takes his work seriously, but not himself. All afternoon on Tuesdays and Thursdays you can find him in the United Press offices in New York, dashing back and forth between the teletype machine where the news is coming in, and his typewriter where he writes it down concisely for his ten-minute script. These days, with news happening so thick and fast, he often rewrites the script half a dozen times before going on the air.

Paul studied law in St. Louis until he ran out of money and had to quit. Then he applied for a job as an announcer, passed the test, but didn't get the job because the station already had plenty of announcers. He found work driving a taxicab and waited. A few weeks later the station called him up and said there was a position open, and Paul has been announcing ever since. He gained his first fame in Louisville, at WHAS, where he became so popular as a news commentator that a cigarette sponsor grabbed him for a CBS hook-up. Now he's on the air exclusively for Liberty.

It takes good judgment, knowledge of what's going on in every corner of the world, and a lot of luck to build a ten-minute script containing all the latest news but no wild rumors. Paul has all three qualifications.

In 1935, Paul was married to Miss Margaret Flynn, and they're expecting their first baby any day now. They live in a big house near Tarrytown, New York, where Paul spends his leisure time sawing up old trees into fireplace-lengths. Except for his work and his family, Paul's major interest is flying. He has about fifty solo hours to his credit, and would have his private pilot's license if, he freely admits, he had spent more time on the studying which is as necessary as the actual flying hours.

Paul always ends his broadcasts with the words "Good night and thirty," which drives people who don't know what "thirty" means almost crazy with curiosity and sometimes irritation. Many times listeners don't even understand what he said; letters come in asking what he meant by "certy," "curtains," "certain," "dirty," "Gerty" and "10:30." It's very simple—"thirty" is an old newspaper term which means "the end." No one quite knows its origin, but news telegraphers always used to use it as a symbol to indicate the ends of dispatches. Paul knows it confuses people, but it also makes them talk about him, and that's good publicity in a competitive business.

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **A House in the Country**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Right to Happiness**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bartons**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
	2:15	3:15	CBS: **News for Women**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Children Also Are People**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **CBS Concert Hall**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Arthur Tracy**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Frank Parker**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
9:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Meet Mr. Meek**
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **BIG TOWN**
8:15	7:00	8:00	MBS: **Cal Tinney**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Quiz Kids**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Thin Man**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Manhattan at Midnight**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Plantation Party**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **FRED ALLEN**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Basin Street Music**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Eddie Cantor**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Xavier Cugat**
9:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Mr. District Attorney**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **American Melody Hour**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Kay Kyser**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Great Moments in Music**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS. **Juan Arvizu**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Hillman and Clapper**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS **News of the World**

THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hymns of all Churches**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Bue: **A House in the Country**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Right to Happiness**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bartons**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Pin Money Party**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Highways to Health**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Cincinnati Conservatory**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		6:00	CBS: **PAUL SULLIVAN**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **William L. Shirer**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Heirs of Liberty**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The Worl. T.day**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
9:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Maudie's Diary**
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Al Pearce**
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Death Valley Days**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **March of Time**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Maxwell House Show**
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Duffy's Tavern**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Service With a Smile**
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **THE ALDRICH FAMILY**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Major Bowes Hour**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **America's Town Meeting**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Rudy Vallee**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Navy Program**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Hillman and Clapper**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Frank Fay**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

Presenting this month's Cover Girl: Joan Tetzel, of Woman of Courage.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Joan Tetzel, our Cover Girl this month, whom you hear as Lucy Jackson in Woman of Courage, Sylvia Field in When a Girl Marries, and frequently on the Grand Central Station, Cavalcade of America, and Kate Smith programs. For such a young and little girl, it seems Joan has a lot of energy.

Joan is twenty years old, and is a graduate of Madge Tucker's children's programs on NBC. She's also Mrs. Jack Mosman. Her husband is a producer and director of CBS programs, and their romance began when Jack, sitting in the control booth, watched Joan acting at the mike and fell in love with her. He used to take special care with his dials and controls to make sure her voice got just the right inflections and volume when it went on the air.

The Mosmans live in Jackson Heights, a suburb of New York, and have a cottage and a twenty-foot sailing boat on Lake Hopatcong. They enjoy driving their convertible coupe and racing their boat. Another thing they enjoy is collaborating on writing radio scripts, and have had several of their brain-children broadcast on the Inner Sanctum, Bulldog Drummond, and CBS Workshop programs. Joan would like to go on being an actress, doing some writing on the side, but Jack would eventually like to write exclusively. Some day they plan on concocting a full-length, three-act play together.

A tiny, soft-voiced girl with a distinctive way of speaking and a mouth that's a little too wide for real beauty but which adds, somehow, to her charm, Joan thinks sincerity is the most important quality for a radio actress to possess. She acts some of radio's best roles, but never turns down the chance to do a bit part because she learned long ago that a bit is frequently more difficult to do properly than a lead. She says her most agonizing moment came during a Broadway play in which she was carried on-stage, supposedly unconscious, by the leading man. In one performance he knocked her head against the doorframe with a crack that was clearly audible in the last row of the second balcony. Joan winced, the audience began to laugh, and it was two minutes (which is a long time on the stage) before she could go on with the affecting death-scene the author of the play had written for her.

One reason Joan likes radio so much is that such embarrassing and painful incidents don't happen in broadcasting studios as often as they do on the stage.

She likes to cook, but because of her crowded radio schedule doesn't get an opportunity to do much of it. Still, she doesn't feel too bad about that—she admits that it's much more fun to act than to wash dishes.

For Saturday's Programs Please Turn to Page 46

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Isabel Manning Hewson**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **A House in the Country**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Right to Happiness**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bartons**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Music Appreciation**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
	2:15	3:15	CBS: **News for Women**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Pop Concert**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Arthur Tracy**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Frank Parker**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **How Am I Doing**
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
7:30	9:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Grand Central Station**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH HOUR**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Auction Quiz**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Three Ring Time**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Philip Morris Playhouse**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
8:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Gang Busters**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **First Nighter**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Michael and Kitty**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Dog House**
6:55	8:55	9:55	CBS: **Ginny Simms**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hap Hazard**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Elsa Maxwell**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Wings of Destiny**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

YOU HAUNT MY HEART

Radio Mirror's Song Hit of the Month is James Melton's favorite melody—Hear him sing this beautiful tune on his NBC-Red show, The Telephone Hour

Music by
ERICH W. KORNGOLD

Words by
RICHARD BROOKS

CHORUS

YOU HAUNT MY HEART ____ A - wake or sleep - ing Your phan-tom comes

a tempo

creep - ing from out the past; ____ YOU HAUNT MY HEART ____

—— As tears rè - mind me Of love chains that bind me and hold me

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C Emi C Em B7 B Emi

fast. The still of night finds me holding you tight,

mf

G D7 D7 G7 D G7

rit.

Al-though you're no-where in sight. YOU HAUNT MY

rit.

cresc.

C G7 C G7 C#dim7

a tempo

f

HEART And only you can mend it, But if our song of love has end-ed,

a tempo

f

Dmi Emi 1. C A dim G7 2. C

poco rit. a tempo

Why haunt my heart? YOU HAUNT MY HEART?

poco rit. a tempo

p

SATURDAY

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	Eastern Time	
		8:00	CBS: **The World Today**
		8:00	NBC: **News**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Hank Lawson**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Dick Leibert**
		8:45	CBS: **Adelaide Hawley**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **String Ensemble**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Press News**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **News**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Market Basket**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Old Dirt Dobber**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **New England Music**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Burl Ives**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Let's Swing**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **What's New at the Zoo**
10:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **America the Free**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Moore**
10:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Lincoln Highway**
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS: **Kay Thompson**
10:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Dorothy Kilgallen**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Ask Young America**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Vaudeville Theater**
	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Hillbilly Champions**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: **Fables For Fun**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Theater of Today**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **News**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Consumer Time**
10:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Stars Over Hollywood**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Adventures in Science**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Vincent Lopez**
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Juan Arvizu**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Of Man and Books**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **METROPOLITAN OPERA**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Brush Creek Follies**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **County Journal**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Defense and Your Dollar**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **New England to You**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **F. O. B. Detroit**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Campus Capers**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Matinee at Meadowbrook**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Melodic Strings**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Weekend Whimsy**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Cleveland Symphony**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Glenn Miller**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Air Youth of America**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Doctors at Work**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Calling Pan-America**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Dance Music**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Art of Living**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: **Edward Tomlinson**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
4:00	6:90	7:00	NBC-Red: **Defense for America**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Wayne King**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Little Ol' Hollywood**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Ellery Queen**
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The Green Hornet**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Knickerbocker Playhouse**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Hobby Lobby**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Bue: **Bishop and the Gargoyle**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Truth or Consequences**
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: **Chicago Theater**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Spin and Win**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **National Barn Dance**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Rochester Orchestra**
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Hemisphere Revue**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:30	9:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Hot Copy**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

Correspondent's Wife

When they said her husband was on the sinking ship she managed to keep calm — until later news came through . . .

IT was bad enough when CBS called and said Cecil was on the *Prince of Wales,* because the newspapers had scarily big headlines announcing that Japanese had torpedoed both the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* somewhere in the China Sea. If Martha Brown had known he was really on the *Repulse* it would have been a thousand times worse, because the *Repulse* sank almost at once, while the *Prince of Wales* stayed afloat for a considerable time.

The blonde and attractive young wife of Cecil Brown, ace CBS correspondent in the Far East (that's her picture above, with Cecil's photograph beside her), can talk about those ten hours of dreadful uncertainty now. But they were nerve-racking enough to keep her in bed, suffering from shock, for three days after news came through that Cecil had survived the sinking of the *Repulse* and had brought with him one of radio's greatest scoops—an eye-witness report of the disaster.

Martha Brown knows there will be more hours—maybe days—of worry about her husband's safety, but she faces them with calm courage. "Cecil's work is dangerous," she admits, "but it's also important. It's important to him and to the people of America. As long as he is doing a good job, nothing must be allowed to interfere with him."

Martha and Cecil were married in Rome in 1938. They'd known each other for a good many years before that, in Columbus, Ohio, where Martha was born and Cecil went to college. It was love all the time, but they were both young and knew they could afford to wait for marriage. Then, when Cecil was the CBS correspondent in Rome, Martha went to Europe for a five-week vacation. It was three years before she came back to America, because Cecil met her at the train in Rome, they decided they'd been separated too long, and were married on the spot.

Cecil was expelled from Italy early in 1941 because the Fascists didn't like what he said about them on the air. Because he and Martha believed the United States would soon be in the war, he asked her to return to New York, while he went on East, eventually landing in Singapore, where his headquarters are now. Martha hated to leave him, but she did, true to her creed that nothing must stand in the way of his work.

Now Martha lives in New York, separated from her husband by half the world. Mail and cable services are so uncertain that almost her only communication with him is one-sided, when she listens to his broadcasts on CBS. She has found a way to keep busy and help in the war effort at the same time, by getting a job with a firm which purchases most of the supplies for the Egyptian Government. She could have gone home, of course, to her parents in Ohio. But somehow she feels closer to Cecil in New York, near CBS headquarters.

VIRGINIA MASTERSON—lovely young daughter of one of Chicago's old families

Another Pond's Bride-to-be

SPORTS LOVERS—"Gini" and her fiancé, Donald A. Wildauer. Whenever Don can get a few hours off from his defense job, they go skiing. Gini says: "After I've been out skiing or skating, I slather on Pond's Cold Cream, and my face looks nice and soft again." *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*

She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

See what "Gini's" SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care will do for your skin

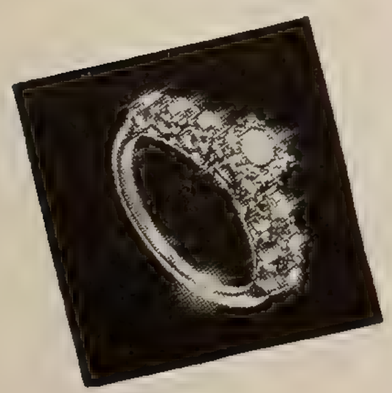
1. She SLATHERS Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream *thick* on her face and throat.

She says, "Then I pat like anything with quick little pats—up from my chin, over nose, cheeks, forehead, till my face feels all fresh and glowy. This helps soften and take off dirt and stale make-up. Then I tissue the cream off."

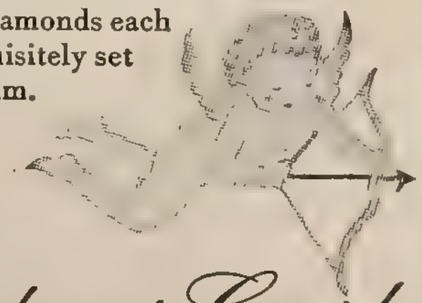
2. She "RINSES" with *lots more* Pond's Cold Cream. Tissues it off again.

"It's simply grand," she says, "the way my face feels—so baby-soft and so *clean*, every last little smitch of dirt wipes right off."

Do this yourself! You'll *love* how *your* skin feels—so sweet and clean! Use Pond's Cold Cream "Gini's" way *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical, the lovely big jars.



GINI'S RING is as lovely as her almond-blossom complexion. It is a brilliant-cut diamond with 3 smaller diamonds each side, exquisitely set in platinum.



Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Send for **5 POND'S BEAUTY AIDS!**

1. Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Cold Cream
2. Vanishing Cream
3. New Dry Skin Cream
4. New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)
5. Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)

POND'S, Dept 8RM-CC, Clinton, Conn.

Send me samples of 5 Pond's Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

(Offer good in U. S. only)

One Life to Live

Continued from page 24

looked at her scornfully, and turned back with renewed fury to his brother. "I ought to kill you!" he grated. "And I'm not sure I won't. God, how I hate a coward—and it's worse when he's my own brother!"

"Please, Whitey!" Jim Denny begged. "Don't start anything in here. I'll go outside with you if you want—but not in here—please!"

"Fallen for a dame—is that it? Is that why you went soft on me?"

"No, I—"

"No, I guess not. I thought that stalling you've been doing lately before every fight was a gag of some sort, but now I know what it really was—you're just yellow." Deliberately, he swung at Jim Denny and knocked him down. Standing over him, fists still clenched, he said, "And now I'm through with you. I only came out after you to do this. It's why I stopped at every gas station along the road until I found somebody that remembered you and your fancy cream-colored car—it ought to be yellow!—and knew where you were."

JULIE had dropped to her knees beside Jim, assuring herself with her quick fingers that he was moving, lifting his head. She said, "Please go away now. Please go away at once."

"Don't worry, sister! You can have him!" He turned on his heel. The front door slammed behind him.

Painfully, Bill pushed himself upright, shaking his head at Julie's worried questions: "Does it hurt? Are you all right?"

"Doesn't matter," he mumbled. "I had it coming to me. But nobody but my brother could have got away with it.

She sank back upon her heels. "But I don't understand. How could your own brother do this to you?"

"He wanted to be a fighter himself," Jim said wearily, "but he couldn't make the grade. So he trains me, wanting me to be the champ he never could be. Huh! I can see now that knocking me down must of let loose something that's been squirming inside of him for years."

"And that's what you're afraid of," she breathed. "You're afraid to fight the champion."

"Yeah. That's it."

"But you've fought before. Why are you suddenly so afraid to fight *him?* Were you afraid before your other fights?"

"No," Jim said, "as long as they were setups and nobody paid much attention to whether I won or not, I didn't mind. It's only been lately—"

"I still don't understand what you're afraid of!" Julie made a puzzled, unhappy gesture—one hand outstretched, as if to pick the answer out of the air.

"It's what everybody will say and think about me if I lose. Ever since I've been taking on big-timers and getting my picture in the papers, this has been coming on me. As long as nobody paid any attention to me I was all right—I knew I was a good fighter and I did my job—but now everybody is watching me and millions of people are expecting me to be the champ."

"You mean," Julie asked, "you're not in the championship class? You're not good enough?"

"Who says I'm not?" Jim inquired truculently. "I could knock that palooka off his pins in three rounds! I'm in better condition than he is and I've got six years on him. But I—I can't explain, Julie. It's the way I feel inside when I get to thinking about the night of the fight. And I got no control over it. When I think about it, my heart starts pounding like a hammer and I get hot and cold all over. Then I think about how it's like after I lose the fight. I'm walking down the street, people are looking at me and laughing. I went around Chicago for days last week—I couldn't sleep—I couldn't eat—I was sick. So I decided to give it all up and run away."

"I think I know how you felt," Julie whispered. "I can understand now—in my own way. I had a time when I was dreadfully afraid. When the doctor told me I was never going to see again, I was so frightened that I wanted to die. I had always been afraid of the dark, and when I realized that I would always be in this terrible darkness I had always feared, I—" At the memory she faltered, biting her lips. "For months I was really ill—and Mother thought I would die. . . ."

"Gee—" he said, caught up by the remembered pain in her words. forgetting everything but the picture of a little girl with silver-gilt hair and midnight blue eyes that would always look out upon darkness.

"Then Mother, who is one of the greatest people on this earth, began to talk to me and reason with me. She helped me see that the darkness I dreaded was only a darkness if I let it remain that. She said I had an imaginary fear made right in my own thought-factory . . . And soon I began to see more wonderful things than I could ever have seen with my real eyes. And the fear was gone."

"It was gone—"

SHE took a deep breath and smiled suddenly, dazzlingly. "Jim, you're a young man, you're well trained, you're honest. You have a manager who really believes in you and you have millions of people fighting with you and praying for you—so how can you *lose?*"

"Why, I—I guess I—can't lose—can I?"

"Of course you can't!" Julie cried, and it seemed to him he had never seen anything more beautiful than the confidence and certainty in that delicate face.

"And will you be one of the millions that's fighting with me and praying for me to win?"

"Oh, I will! I will!"

He scrambled to his feet. "Say, I'm going to see if I can't catch Whitey before he gets too far out of town!" Then, suddenly doubtful—"Do you suppose he'll take me back? He might not, you know."

"Now—no more being afraid, Jim—not of anything!" she reminded him, and his face cleared.

"Sure, he'll take me back! I know he will. Say, you'll come to the fight, won't you?"

"You couldn't keep me away!"

"I'll have a seat for you right at the ringside!"

Julie said with a smile, "It won't make any difference where I sit. I won't really be able to see the fight."

Jim took her hand, pressed it tightly, wanting to kiss her but knowing he could not until after the fight. After he'd won.

"No," he said, "I know you won't. But I'll be able to see you!"

The Story of Mary Marlin

Continued from page 21

the note, the scene in David's office, everything.

When he came in, one sight of his face killed that hope. "There's no use beating about the bush, Mary," he said. "I wish it all weren't true—I wish it had never happened. But it has, and now—if there was only something I could do to make you happy!"

She said faintly, "You've always made me happy—until now. I thought I had made you happy too."

"Yes—well, I've changed. I don't want the same things any more. We might as well face it, Mary. I—I haven't loved you for a long time. It would be better if you'd go your way and—let me go mine."

"A divorce?"

"Yes."

She wanted to scream, to beat her hands against his chest, anything wild and terrible. Instead, she said, "I can't believe it. I can't! Joe—look at me. Do you really love that—girl?"

He raised his eyes, and for a long moment she read the message that was so plain to see there. She sank back. "Yes," she said hopelessly. "You do. You do mean it when—when you ask for a divorce. All right, Joe. I won't try to hold you when you don't love me."

"Mary—I knew you'd be kind—"

"Kind!" She laughed hysterically. "I'm sorry." She could feel him wanting to get away, feel him being pulled toward the door.

"Just tell me one thing," she asked with unexpected courage. "Did you stop caring for me because I'm not—as young—any more?"

"I can't tell you why I changed—"

"It *is* the reason! Oh, but I didn't think that mattered. I thought our love was too big to be touched by—superficial things. And now I'm the same as I always was—the same as when we were married. Only the outside has changed."

He was deeply touched, and because he felt a pity he was unwilling to show, he sounded gruff. "Nonsense! I tell you I don't know how

Continued on page 50

Lovelorn Laura

ANOTHER GIRL WAS GETTING HER MAN...UNTIL

COUSIN: Why Laura—home again on Saturday night? Don't tell me you've quarreled with Don!

LAURA: We haven't quarreled exactly—but he's taking that new blonde at the office out again tonight. I guess I'm all washed up!

COUSIN: Well—if you don't mind a little sisterly frankness—you've been looking sort of tired and draggy lately. Why don't you start building up some sparkle and "go"—and see what Don does then!

LAURA: Build up sparkle and "go"? How can I?

COUSIN: Haven't you read about those new miracle food elements, like minerals and vitamins, that make so many people fresher and more "alive"? Better see you get *more* of them!

SO—LAURA Started Taking *OVALTINE* Regularly 3 Times a Day—To Get Extra Supplies of Important Food Elements Needed For Vitality and Freshness—And Always a Cup at Bedtime to Foster Restful Sleep.

DON: (Some Time Later) Gee, Laura—you look *wonderful*! I—well—how about a date tonight?

LAURA: I've been out every night this week—but I feel so peppy—I guess I can stand another date.

COUSIN: (Still Later) There's the music—and Laura, you're a very beautiful bride and Don's a lucky fellow!

LAURA: Thank you, darling—and thanks a million for telling me how to be attractive again!

Unattractive, "Lifeless," Rundown or Under Par?

TRY THIS PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

If fatigue, jangled nerves, or lack of sparkle are robbing you of social success, you should know this. Now there's a *new way* to build up radiant freshness and vitality—a way magazines, newspapers and government authorities are urging, and thousands are adopting for buoyant, vigorous days.

For, as you've read in countless magazine articles, there are certain new-found *food elements* widely called "miracle foods." Elements which—taken in larger quantities than commonly found in average American diets—are credited with astonishing powers to increase physical stamina, build sounder nerves, retard fatigue—give vitality and sparkle to millions now tired, nervous and under par.

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are drinking Ovaltine regularly. For Ovaltine provides a wider variety and wealth of important food elements—than any single natural food. It supplies not just two—or four or six—but eleven important food elements, *including* Vitamins A, B_1, D and G, Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and complete proteins.

Equally important, clinical tests show that Ovaltine increases the energy fuel in the blood in as little as 15 minutes—thus helping to ward off attacks of fatigue.

So if you tire quickly, are nervous or sleep poorly, try drinking Ovaltine regularly each day. See if you don't begin to sleep better, feel far fresher mornings—enjoy more energetic days. See if people don't start telling you how much better you *look*.

Mail for free samples

OVALTINE, Dept. A42-RM-3
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting new booklet about certain miracle elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Ovaltine THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

At a Gulf Screen Guild Theater rehearsal—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor (she's Barbara Stanwyck, you know), with Director Roger Pryor, take time out for some relaxation and a cup of coffee.

Continued from page 48

—or when—I stopped loving you. And I'd still give anything if this hadn't happened—"

Mary cowered, shuddering, away from him into the corner of the big couch. "Go away—*now*—please! I've said I'd give you the divorce—now *go!*"

Thankfully, he obeyed her.

I ONLY want you to wait," David Post said. "Divorce is like closing a door and locking it behind you and throwing away the key. You ought to think things over beforehand, until you're quite sure."

Mary looked down at her white-gloved hands. She wished she had not come here to the office in answer to David's request to see her. It had been sheer bravado; she'd known well enough how many memories of her last visit here it would bring—even though Joe was out and a new secretary had Sally Gibbons' place.

"I've thought things over, Dave," she said in a low voice. "It's been a week since Joe told me and I've done hardly anything else but think. But I can't think my way around the fact that Joe asked for a divorce and I told him he could have one."

"But you're both overwrought—Joe thinks he knows what he wants, but he doesn't. A month—six months—and he may feel entirely different. He won't listen to me when I tell him so, but he'd have to listen if you refused to divorce him right away." David had a paper-knife in his hand, and as he turned it between his fingers it reflected bright, scattered rays of light into her eyes. She watched it, dazedly—almost hypnotized.

"How can I insist on holding him —when he doesn't want to be held? It's too" — with an effort, she wrenched her gaze away from the paper-knife—"too humiliating!"

"It's a way of saving Joe, my dear. A way of saving him from himself. I still can't believe he really loves that girl. And in time he'll realize it himself."

"No. I—I can't." Nervously, she pulled her gloves tighter on her hands and stood up. She wanted to get away, away from David's sympathy and his common-sense. The first always woke to new sharpness the ache that lived in her heart, and the second was urging her to strip herself of the one thing she had left—her self-respect. "I'm going through with the divorce, Dave."

He sighed. "As you say, Mary. I can have the case scheduled for tomorrow morning. . . . Joe wanted me to talk to you about finances. There's the house, of course, the deed is in both your names, and—"

"Don't, Dave!" Mary made an involuntary gesture of repulsion. "I can't take money from Joe. I have a little of my own, and I can get a job of some sort. I'll get along."

Smiling a little, Dave said, "I knew you'd say this. I told Joe you would."

"What else is there to say?" she asked.

She had rejected Dave's advice to wait, but all night it lingered in her mind. And the next morning, standing in the court room while thin winter sunlight came chalkily through the windows, it returned with redoubled force. She was standing alone; Dave and Joe were on the other side of the room holding a last-minute, hurried conference, and the judge shuffled papers on the bench. Joe had not once looked in her direction.

Mary glanced out of the window. The trees of the Square were stripped of leaves, and she could plainly see the statue of Justice that stood in the center. Angrily, she thought, "They should take the blindfold from her eyes—then she could see some of the cruelties that are done in her name!" It was cruel and unjust that here—in five minutes or less—the ties of a marriage should be cut through, as if with that sword Justice held in her hand. A few words, the scratch of a pen on legal papers—and she would no longer have the right to call Joe Marlin her husband! He would be what he called "free"—free to ruin his life as he pleased, having ruined hers.

Dave was coming toward her. "We're all ready, Mary—"

Something that was not Mary Marlin, not the woman who had lived for years only to do as her husband bade her, made her cry out: "No, I won't! I won't let this go on! It's wrong, it's—too soon. I won't let you divorce me!"

While the bailiff rapped for order, she saw the relief on David's face, the black anger on Joe's. But she knew she had done what she wanted to do. They would not get her to change her mind.

Fifteen minutes later, she was able to face Joe in an anteroom and tell him, quite calmly, "I'm sorry, Joe. I haven't gone back on my word. I *will* let you have a divorce if you still want one six months from now. But not now."

"This is perfectly insane!" Joe argued. "What a ridiculous situation for us both—living here in Cedar Springs, married but not married—"

"I don't intend to stay here," she said, and was surprised to realize that a decision had been forming in her mind quite without her knowledge. "I'm going away for a while. To New York, I think. I won't embarrass you at all. You can stay in the house, of course, and Annie will take very good care of you—"

"I wouldn't think of living there!"

"No? Well, then, I'll close the house, and Annie can work for the Adamses, next door. Margaret Adams has always envied me for having Annie."

"Mary, you've lost your mind. What in the world will you do in New York?"

"I haven't the least idea," she said. "But I'd rather like to see the place. They say it's interesting."

She left him on that careless note, but she had to wave Dave aside with a hurried, "I'll call you up later," and go swiftly through the streets in order to reach home before the hysterical, racking tears came.

It was on the following day that she left Cedar Springs for New York.

EASTER came gently, that year, to the mid-west. A damp, warm wind blew from the south, seeming to carry with it the very stuff of reawakening life. In Cedar Springs, the trees of the Square were still leafless, but a green haze shrouded them with the promise of foliage to come. The hyacinth and tulip bulbs Mary Marlin had planted the autumn before thrust knife-like shoots through the leaf-mold near the foundation of the shuttered and deserted house.

Then, on Easter Sunday itself, the shutters were flung back. Mary had returned.

Bill and Cynthia, the two Adams children, were the first to see her, and they ran shouting with excitement to their mother. But within a few hours everyone in Cedar Springs knew of her return, for she went to the Old Church with the Adams family, and sat in their pew while from his own pew a few rows back Joe Marlin gazed at her with such intensity he heard scarcely a word of the sermon.

It was Mary—but it was not Mary, either. The months in New York had effected a startling transformation. She was as slim as a girl, her skin was soft and fresh, her features had lost the fuzziness which years of humdrum living had brought them.

There was a deeper change, too, people realized as they greeted her. She wore tranquillity like a garment, like one of those severely plain and startlingly expensive gowns you find in exclusive shops.

People chuckled with good-natured malice over Joe Marlin's expression when he first saw her.

"He was simply dazzled! No wonder, of course—but it did my heart good, after the way he treated her."

"He's still pretty thick with that Gibbons girl, though."

"Oh, yes. But I wouldn't be surprised if he's thinking maybe he made a bad bargain."

NO one read Joe's thoughts, though. Mary herself could not read them when, on Easter Monday, he came to see her. She was in the garden, digging with bare hands, and this helped to break the initial strangeness and tensity between them, for she was applying some fertilizer she had found in the garage, which Joe said was poor stuff. Before either of them quite realized what was happening, he was on his knees beside her.

He looked at her quizzically. "You know, of course, you've changed."

"Yes, I know. But it's really quite simple. You remember Henriette Gordon, Joe?"

"Of course. Funny little dark kid, wasn't she? Used to pal around with you in grammar school?"

"That's the one. Only now she's Madame Henriette, Inc., of Fifth Avenue. I just happened to run into her after I'd been in New York a few days—the most amazing coincidence." (Yes, New York had taught Mary many things. Once a phrase like "most amazing coincidence" would have been as strange upon her lips as Latin.) "She took me in hand and made me over. I've been staying with her at her penthouse."

Beyond the hedge, the clear young voices of Bill and Cynthia Adams were raised. Obviously, they were coming to see Mary. "Oh, Lord," Joe said. "I wanted to talk to you. Can't we escape the kids?"

Mary laughed. "Only if we run right now. And I don't know where to run."

"Come on—get in my car and we'll take a ride. Quick!"

"All right." He couldn't help noticing the grace with which she leaped to her feet and ran with him to the car. Then they were rolling down the length of Main Street, out into the odorous countryside.

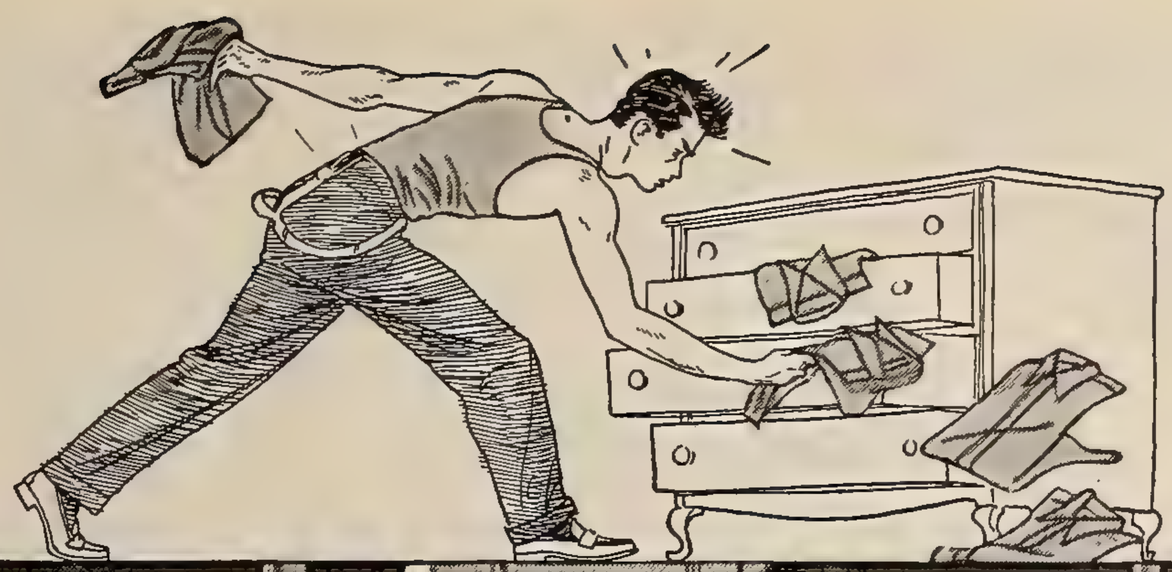
After a time he stopped the car and they walked a little, through a patch of woods where the ground was still spongily damp. There was a pleasant feeling of companionship between them, as if they were two strangers who had only recently met, rather enjoyed each other's company, but had no real common bond. It was a safe feeling. If they could only hold to it, Mary thought, this hour would be agreeable and uneventful. Suddenly she decided she did not want it to be uneventful.

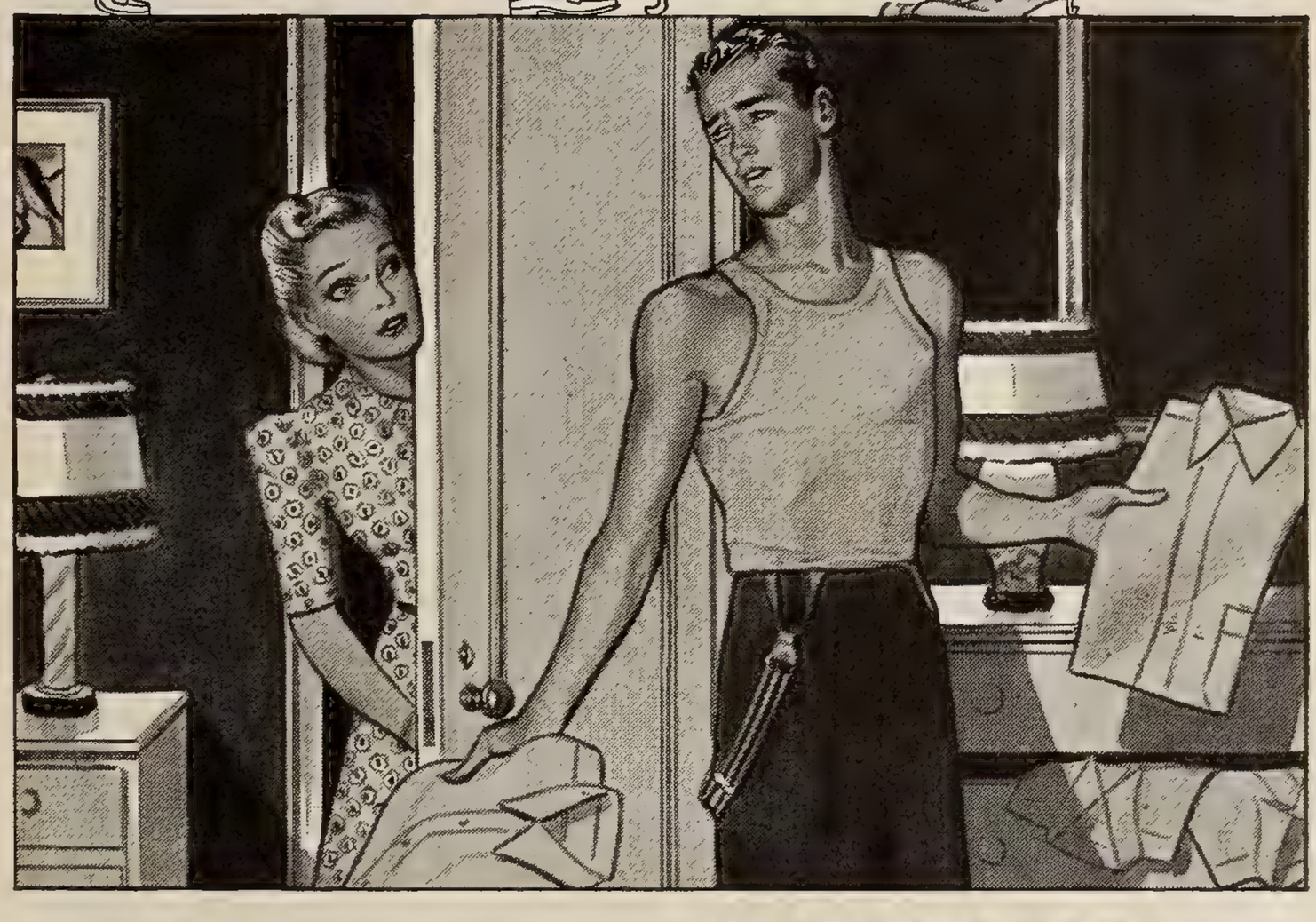
"Have you been all right, Joe?"

"Oh—so-so," he said guardedly—and then, in abrupt decision. "No, not very. In fact, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I might want to sell the house, if you'd agree."

"Sell the house!" She was shocked. Selling that house was like—like selling years of her life.

"Well, things haven't been so good,"





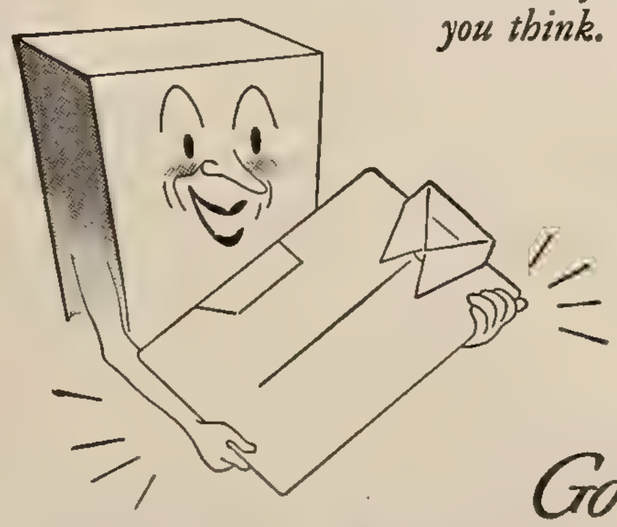
Next Stop—TAHITI!

HERE, DEAR READER, we give you an intimate close-up of The Outraged Husband . . . A rip-roaring, fire-breathing Male . . . *sans* shirt, *sans* temper—*sans* just about everything except a swell case of Righteous Indignation.

And what is the Ultimatum he delivers? Something like this, perhaps: 'This does it! I'm through looking like a ghost in a gray shroud. If I can't have a white shirt, I'll go where the only shirt a man *has* to wear is the one he gets with his birthday suit. Goodbye!' (*with appropriate gestures*)

And how does his Lady respond? Elementary, Mrs. Watson. She tiptoes to the telephone and in quavering tones tells her grocer, 'Please send me some of that Fels-Naptha Soap right away. Send a *lot.* And *hurry!*'

[ASIDE TO THE LADIES] *This isn't all kidding. Better take a peek at Papa's shirts. He may not be as tame as you think. You never know.*



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA *banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*

WHO ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO?

US?

No. Don't listen to us now. Sure, *we* say Modess is softer . . . because we *know* it's softer. We make it that way. But don't listen to *us* now. Listen, instead, to the say-so of thousands of women who *tested* Modess for softness.

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All over the country, these women were asked to feel two napkins and choose the softer. One was Modess—the other was the napkin they'd been buying. Yet 3 out of every 4 voted *Modess softer!**

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

If 3 out of every 4 women voted *against* the napkin they'd been using, the napkin they voted *for* must be worth looking into! Why don't you find out for yourself if *you've* been missing out on *extra comfort.* Try *Modess* the next time you buy.

HERE'S AN OFFER

If you don't agree with millions of Modess fans that it's softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer

THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

he admitted, scuffing the ground with his feet as he walked. "There haven't been many clients. You know how people—feel—about divorce."

"Oh," she almost whispered. "Oh, I'm sorry."

"No need for you to be. I'm the one—" He frowned, and hurried on. "Probably I won't have to sell it. I only wanted to mention it to you. But if you feel badly about it—it's yours as much as mine."

The sense of comradeship was gone now; they were awkward, ill-at-ease. Mary looked down at the ground. Under the pine-needles and dead leaves Joe had scuffed aside she saw a spray of tender green, crested with tiny white flowers. "Joe—look! It's arbutus—the first of the season, hiding under the pine-needles."

He, too, was glad of the diversion. He bent and lifted the spray with a gentle finger, then pinched it off. "Here, Mary. To remember me by."

"Joe!" In that moment she saw that he looked tired, that his clothes were the slightest bit shabby, and that his brown eyes were wistful. "To remember him by!" Yes, she needed a talisman to help her do that, because already the Joe she had spent so many years with was in the past. She had expected to feel a tug at her heart when she saw him again, after these months of separation. It hadn't come, and she'd been grateful. Now she thought it might never come. Love for him was still in her heart, but it was a different love. A pitying love—and how Joe would hate that!

Impulsively, as she took the arbutus from him, she bent and picked another spray. "And I'll give you one, too."

"Thank you," he said gravely. "I'll always keep it."

Soon afterward, they returned to the car and drove back to town, talking of unimportant things. As he left her he asked, "What are your plans, Mary? Are you thinking of staying in Cedar Springs?"

"I think," she said, "I'd like to—for a while."

"Good." She had the impression that the gayety of his smile was a little forced as he waved and drove away.

There never was such a spring, everyone said. Day followed day in serene progression, punctuated only now and then by just the right amount of rain. Mary lived quietly, seeing a little of the Adamses, much of Annie, nothing of Joe and very little more of David Post. Not once did she see Sally Gibbons, but Margaret Adams told her the girl was living in an apartment downtown—presumably, since she did not work, an apartment paid for by Joe.

Always, through the days, one thought kept Mary dubious company. *I must keep my promise to Joe. I must give him his divorce. For since he has not given her up, he must still want it.*

Then, on a warm evening, David came to see her.

As he talked, quietly, putting forth facts in their order after the way of lawyers, she felt that he was telling her the plot of some story she had read long ago, in a dream. A tragic story, without grandeur.

"And things have been getting worse and worse for him. I don't know the details—only that he was spending too much, and earning almost nothing. There were some securities he sold for a friend of his, on commission, but that money didn't last long. I tried to help him, but he wouldn't accept anything from me."

"The girl?" Mary asked. "Sally Gibbons?"

"I don't know what happened there. Joe didn't confide in me. But I've known for some time he was disillusioned, sick at heart . . . as I was sure he would be, eventually, with a girl like that. And now he's gone, Mary. He's gone to try for a new start. That's all he said in the note he left for me."

In the silence, a bird chirped sleepily from its nest outside the open window. Slowly, Mary's head dropped. She hid her face between her cupped hands.

"Oh, Joe!" she murmured, so faintly David Post scarcely heard her. "Poor Joe! What has he done to his life—and to mine?"

Has the rift between Mary and Joe become so broad and deep that they can never cross it? Don't fail to continue this exciting story of a fascinating woman's life in the April issue of RADIO MIRROR *Magazine.*

Woman of Courage

Continued from page 32

less for a year, in Farmington."

William Moore actually looked surprised. Then, he stood up. "Now," he said, "if you'd like to see New York, I'd be only too happy to take you about."

"Oh, no," Martha said. "I'll get around by myself. I think it might be sort of fun to get lost here. Don't worry about me. Just take me to a bank so I can cash this check and have five thousand dollars of it transferred to the joint account I have with my husband in Farmington. He might need some money."

In spite of William Moore's efforts to get Martha's case on the Court calendar, the Courts closed for the summer before the will was probated. Martha wanted to return to Farmington, but William Moore urged her to stay in Old Port and even suggested that she send for her family.

Martha put off her final decision on that, however, until she saw the house in Old Port. It was a beautiful house, a white, Colonial house with twenty-five rooms and rolling, green lawns that ran smoothly down to a wide strip of private beach.

"But it looks so lonely and cold," Martha said. "As if no one had ever lived here—as if no one had ever been happy here."

"You're right," William Moore said. "No one ever was happy here." Then he added, "But you would change that."

"No," Martha said. "You don't understand. I—this is all too grand. It's lovely — beautiful — but, well, we're not this kind of people. I don't know what would happen to us, if we lived here."

She was thinking of Lucy, whose letters had been full of wanting

to come East. Martha had written home about some of the people she'd met through William Moore, people whose names were so well known socially that they had even penetrated to Farmington. And Lucy was longing to come to Old Port and be a real debutante and, in her own words, "—knock the eyes out of the girls at home."

Martha didn't open the big house. Instead, she rented a small, ivy grown cottage with windows looking out on the sea. She refused most of the invitations that William Moore arranged for her and she was very lonely for her family. Perhaps it was this loneliness that finally made her give in to Lucy's pleas and Jim's arguing that they had no right to deny Lucy the advantages she would have in Old Port.

LUCY'S arrival put an end to Martha's quiet days and evenings in her cottage. Lucy not only insisted that Martha accept all of William Moore's invitations, she watched the Society columns avidly and gave broad hints as to the affairs she would like to attend and the people she would like to meet. Martha couldn't help admiring William Moore's kindness and patience.

And the night of "Liz" Kane's Charity Ball surpassed everything else. Lucy took the invitation as a personal triumph. "Liz" Kane was *the* leader of New York and Old Port Society. Martha was rather pleased with the invitation, too, but only because it seemed to her to mean, more or less, that Lucy hadn't made too much of a fool of herself. It wasn't until quite late in the evening that Martha learned the invitation had been for her sake and not for Lucy's.

"Liz" Kane sought her out. "Mrs. Jackson," this maker and breaker of social careers said, holding her hand warmly, "I've been wanting to meet you. William has told me so much about you—and those quiet afternoons in your garden. Please, invite me soon. You know," she whispered confidentially, "I can hardly wait for Fall, when I can hide away on my farm and let down my hair."

They laughed together and talked, casually, like old friends. Then, "Liz" Kane said, "I knew I would like you. I do. That's why I'm going to tell you this. Your daughter—keep an eye on her."

Martha was startled. "Lucy—has she done something wrong?"

"No," the other woman smiled. "But she just went out with Steve Holbert. And they've been dancing together for an hour. Steve's a nice boy—good family, background—but—no money. Steve's like a bee around girls—only in his case, the honey is money." She patted Martha's hand. "Don't worry, too much. Steve's not serious. I just think you and your daughter are too nice to be hurt, that's all."

Left alone, Martha wandered through the spacious rooms and gardens, looking for Lucy. She tried to put aside her worry, but it kept nagging at her. It was one thing to know this about Steve Holbert, but quite another to tell Lucy. She couldn't find Lucy, anywhere. Nor did the girl come back to the Ball.

William Moore drove Martha home. She pretended to be unconcerned about Lucy, but, as soon as he had left, she put on a shawl and sat out on the ivy covered porch to wait. It

Original gown by Nanty, Inc., New York

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PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
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FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test at our expense. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration check. Just print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. MF-3, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

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Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.

"Tain't Funny McGee!"

WHEN HUBBY BROUGHT HOME "ORDINARY TISSUES" INSTEAD OF KLEENEX, I MADE HIM MARCH RIGHT BACK. WHEN I SEND HIM FOR KLEENEX, I MEAN KLEENEX!

(from a letter by J. W., Coffeyville, Kans.)

NO WASTE!

OTHER BRANDS HAVEN'T THAT KLEENEX "PULL-OUT" BOX THAT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

(from a letter by W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)

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"TELL ME ANOTHER" AND WIN $5.00 says KLEENEX*

WE PAY $5.00 FOR EVERY "TRUE CONFESSION" WE PUBLISH ON KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES. MAIL YOURS TO KLEENEX, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

I ALWAYS KEEP KLEENEX IN MY CAR TO WIPE THE CHILDREN'S STICKY FINGERS, CLEAN THE WINDSHIELD, AND SHINE THE TRIM!

(from a letter by O. C. G., Springfield, Mass.)

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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Stainproof! Waterproof! Women buy on sight! Many gorgeous patterns! Looks expensive, long wearing, low priced! No washing or ironing. Wipe clean with damp cloth! Fast seller. Big commissions. Also complete big-profit line dresses, shirts, hose, lingerie.

GET FREE SAMPLES! Complete FREE sample line furnished. Complete dress line included FREE. Send no money. Write today!

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Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

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Blue Waltz

An exquisitely youthful fragrance that's sweet as Love's first kiss... BLUE WALTZ weaves the magic of the garden's loveliest blossoms into a fragile, haunting perfume that invites romance. A touch on your hair, your throat, your wrists and you're Cupid's darling!

10¢ AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORES

A darling new Sweetheart Box with Blue Waltz perfume . . 10¢

seemed an eternity before the headlights of a car broke the slightly foggy darkness.

"Good night, precious," a rich, young voice whispered tensely. There was a long silence and Martha's heart sank. Then a car door opened and closed. "Tennis at eleven, beautiful!"

"Good night, Steve," Lucy said and, somehow, it sounded like a song. Lucy floated up the walk. When she stepped into the faint light from the doorway, she seemed to be shining with a light all her own. Her eyes were starry and looking far away into a world into which Martha could not follow her. She didn't seem surprised to find her mother waiting up for her. She threw herself into Martha's lap and hugged her furiously.

"Oh," she sighed in that same singing voice, "it's been such a wonderful evening. Mother, I'm so happy!"

Martha knew she couldn't say anything then. She would have to wait for a more appropriate time, a time when Lucy wasn't intoxicated with excitement and success. Only there was no such time, not in all the fortnight that followed. Lucy seemed to be wound up like a top, going, going, going, all the time. The very air seemed to have the effect of champagne on her. And Martha couldn't find the right way to stop her, warn her.

THEN, one evening two weeks after the Charity Ball, Lucy went to a Yacht Club dance with Steve—and—returned alone. Martha had been reading and she looked up, startled, when she heard the door close.

Lucy was leaning against the door, slumped against it, as if she couldn't stand alone. "Mother," she said, very softly, with a great deal of effort. "I want to go home. Right away." Suddenly, she crumpled to the floor, covering her face with her hands and sobbing wildly.

Martha ran to her and sat down beside her. She held her close in her arms, cradling the shuddering girl like a baby. "Oh, Mother!" Lucy cried desperately. "I love him so much. I thought he loved me. He said he did."

A lot of it was incoherent, but Martha pieced it together. There had been another girl, before Lucy—a girl with whom Steve had quarreled. But tonight she had beckoned him back, and he had forgotten all about Lucy, leaving her to the humiliating realization that she had always been second best with him, no more.

The next morning, Lucy was still firm about leaving Old Port and, while Martha didn't entirely approve of her running away, she was a little glad to get Lucy away from any chance of making up with Steve. Martha wanted to go home, too, but William Moore assured her that her case was bound to get on the calendar soon and she would just have to come right back again. So, Lucy got on the train alone, a sad, subdued Lucy, who—Martha noticed—couldn't keep her eyes from scanning the people on the platform, looking for someone, looking for Steve, hoping up to the last minute.

Every day, Martha looked forward to hearing that her case was coming up and she could go home. She was a little restless with waiting and strangely uneasy, without quite knowing why. The letters she got from home were all cheerful, except Lucy's, who seemed to strain too hard

to disguise the unhappiness left by Steve's desertion.

IN September, one afternoon, Martha was sitting in her garden, rereading a letter from Cora, when William Moore dropped in. She was so deep in her thoughts that she didn't even hear him drive up.

"Hello!" he called. Martha started. "I have good news for you. Your case comes up day after tomorrow."

"Oh," Martha said. "I'm glad."

"And I thought you were happy here," William Moore said, half jokingly, half seriously.

"It isn't that," Martha said. "It's—I have a feeling that everything isn't going right at home. My sister-in-law has written me such a strange letter—almost as if she wanted me to understand something she hasn't written down. She says Lucy's fine and very busy—but she doesn't say at what. And she says that Jim's looking wonderful and he's very active—but she doesn't say why he's so active. And Cora is usually so frank with me about everything. About the only thing she does say is that Lillian has been neglecting the store."

"Does that matter very much, now?" William Moore asked.

"Of course, it does!" Martha said. "Even if I do close it, or sell it—I don't want it to fail. I'm proud of that store."

"I know," William Moore said. "And you're anxious to get home, too, aren't you?" Martha nodded. "Well, we should be able to straighten out everything in two or three weeks."

"So long?" Martha asked in dismay.

"Your uncle's estate is a little involved," he explained. "It will take at least two weeks before we can turn over a complete accounting to you."

"But I don't have to be here for that, do I?" Martha asked.

William Moore lowered his eyes. "No," he confessed softly. "I guess not. I—I thought I could keep you here just a little longer. I—I'm going to miss you."

THE sincerity in his voice warmed and flattered Martha. It was pleasant to think that she had been able to win the friendship of this clever, sophisticated Easterner.

He took her hand. "I guess we can't keep you here," he said regretfully, "if you really want to get back. And once the will is settled there'll no longer be any real reason for you to stay in Old Port."

In spite of his apparent agreement to complete all the legal details, it seemed to Martha that he still welcomed any delay. But at last everything had been done, whether he really wished it done or not. Martha felt a twinge of sadness, when he said goodbye to her in the deep, noisy station in New York, just before the train pulled away from the platform. But, as the express sped farther and farther away, rushing her back towards Farmington, he faded from her thoughts.

It was nine o'clock and just getting dark, when the train pulled into Farmington. Martha got off the train, her heart beating rapidly, excitedly.

"Mrs. Jackson!" Martha looked down the dimly lit platform. "Mrs. Jackson!" It was Johnny Long, running toward her, out of breath and disheveled. "Boy!" Johnny said. "Hello! I just made it!"

"Hello, Johnny," Martha said. "Where are the others?"

"They're all waiting at home," Johnny said with a grin. "It's a surprise."

For some reason, Martha's heart sank. She walked silently to Johnny's rattletrap car and got in. She wasn't even very surprised when Johnny took a different road home. They stopped before a large, newly painted, white house. Every window was brightly lit and music was pouring into the quiet treelined street.

Before they had a chance to ring the bell, a man in livery opened the door. Martha stared at him.

"Welcome, home, Madame," he said with a bow.

Martha had a sudden urge to laugh. The only thing that stopped her was Tommy, hurtling down the sweeping staircase and throwing himself into her arms.

"Mamma! Mamma!" Tommy cried.

Then, suddenly, they were all there. Lucy, Jim, Lillian, all hugging her and fussing and talking. Cora stood at the foot of the stairs until all the greetings were over. Then, she came forward and kissed Martha. "I tried to stop them," she whispered.

Martha patted her shoulder and whispered, "I know." Then, she turned to Lucy, lovely in a white dance dress. "It's a nice house," she said, "but the rent—"

"Rent?" Lillian interrupted. "Jim bought it for you."

"Don't you like it, Martha?" Jim asked anxiously.

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

"I haven't seen it, yet," Martha said.

Lucy and Lillian led her through the house. And the more she saw, the more she was reminded of the house in Old Port. This one was almost as large. Everything in it was new and carefully chosen.

They had saved the living room for last and Martha caught her breath as they entered it. The room was immense and beautiful, but to Martha, it looked like a room on a stage. There were people in it—all her friends—but they looked uncomfortable and out of place. In an alcove, a four-piece orchestra was playing and a few of the younger people were dancing.

MARTHA'S presence seemed to ease the tension a little. She greeted all her old friends warmly and managed to make them relax. She even joked with them about the waiters Lucy had got from a caterer. "Lucy's doing it up big, isn't she?" she laughed. That seemed to make them feel more at home.

Then Lucy sang. Martha looked questioningly at Jim, but he was beaming with pride and happiness. To Martha, Lucy looked and sounded like a caricature. And Martha could feel the discomfort of the others and their polite applause made her ashamed. Afterwards, Lucy brought over a little man with lots of wild, black hair and introduced him as her singing teacher, and suddenly Martha was filled with a vexed sort of pity, knowing that this misguided excursion of Lucy's into singing was really a desperate attempt to find a way of forgetting Old Port and what had happened there.

Martha was bewildered and tired and a little angry. She wondered whether her friends would be very hurt, if she asked them to go home. Happily, they began to leave in groups and, when they had all gone, Martha sank wearily into one of the deep chairs and waited for her family to make some explanations.

"It's wonderful to have you home, Martha," Jim said, taking her hand tenderly. "We missed you."

They started then, all talking at once. Lucy bubbled, on and on, about her wonderful singing teacher and the future he was promising her.

"And only ten dollars a lesson!" Lillian put in.

No one seemed to notice Martha's gasp of amazement, but Cora, who pursed her lips as if to say, "Wait, there's more." Jim talked about what a bargain the house was—of course, it wasn't all paid for, yet, but they'd had no trouble in getting credit and Lucy had really done very well with the interior decorators from Twin Falls.

"I hate to spoil your fun," Martha said, a little wearily, a little sadly, "but haven't you run away with yourselves a bit? You know, I still don't know how much money I'm going to get."

This was plainly a shock to them. Jim's face grew very serious and fear clutched at Martha's heart. She knew her Jim very well. He hadn't told her everything, yet.

Cora went home and the others went upstairs to bed. Martha poked up the fire. "Come sit over here, Jim," she said. "Let's visit—the old way, darling."

Jim wheeled his chair over to the fireplace. "Martha," he began a bit timidly, "You wrote that everything was all right."

"Yes," she said. "It is. There was no trouble about the will. But it will be a couple of weeks before I get the accounts.

"Oh," Jim seemed relieved. "That's soon enough."

"For what?"

"Well," Jim brightened. "You see, Martha, I had a chance to turn a good business deal. I heard—purely by accident, mind you—that there's going to be another defense factory here in Farmington. And—well—I got in on the ground floor. Know what I did?" he asked proudly. "I bought the land where they're going to build it. They'll have to buy from me."

"How do you know?" Martha asked.

"There were some men here, choosing a site—and I happened to find out which one they decided on," Jim said.

"I see," Martha said. "And what did you pay for it?"

"Well, I put down the five thousand you sent me from New York and signed a note for the rest." He was beaming again. "That's why I wanted to know when—you see, I have to pay Wilkins the balance in thirty days."

IT was very late and there were so many things to straighten out, that Martha didn't have the heart to start them. She was afraid of this deal of Jim's, but she was also afraid of hurting him needlessly. What if he had done the right thing? She pretended to be pleased and proud of him and she kissed him tenderly and went up to her room.

In the next few days, she was very busy. She was happy to learn that the liveried butler had disappeared

Say Hello To -

VICTOR BORGE—the Danish comedian who made such a hit on his first Kraft Music Hall date that he was immediately signed up as a "regular" and is now heard with Bing Crosby every Thursday night on NBC. Until his guest appearance with Bing, Victor was practically unknown to Americans, although in Europe he'd been a star for a dozen years. He came to the United States fourteen months ago from Sweden, where he'd been living since the outbreak of the war. He couldn't speak English then, but in six months he had a working acquaintance with the language, gained principally by attending six movies a day. His accent is still pretty funny, but that's an asset to a comedian.

with the caterer's truck. It was a painful thing to do, but she made Lucy go to the Music Academy in Twin Falls and sing for the audition board there. Her heart ached for her daughter while the singing coach explained to her that, although her voice was pleasant, it would be a waste of time and money to train it. She was proud, however, to see the way Lucy took it.

"I guess I was kind of a dope, huh?" Lucy said on the bus.

"No dear," Martha said. You were just in too much of a hurry to do something. We'll take it a little more slowly—find out what you really want to do in life and then work for that." And neither of them mentioned Steve Holbert.

Martha also took the store in hand. Lillian had jumbled the accounts shamefully and the store was almost completely depleted of stock. In a way, though, Martha was glad there was so much work to do there. It kept her mind off Jim's big deal. And he was very secretive. He was afraid even to talk about it, for fear someone might hear.

One afternoon, Martha had occasion to go to the bank on some business. As she was leaving, she ran into George Harrison.

"Hello, Martha," he said warmly. "I was coming to see you today. I just got back from a business trip. How is everything? And let me congratulate you on your good fortune."

Martha smiled a little wryly. "I still have no idea whether it's a good fortune, or not," she said.

"Oh, well," George said. "At least, you're not likely to fall prey to this Albert Silvers, who's just skipped town with the life savings of some of our most prominent citizens."

"Who is he?" Martha asked, swallowing her panic.

"Some swindler the police are looking for," George said casually. "He goes about the country, talking people into buying worthless land by spreading word that defense plants are going to be built on it."

Martha hardly knew how she got away from George. She went back to the store and tried to work, but nothing went properly. All she could think about was Jim, how he would take this news. She didn't care so much about the money. It was the blow to his self esteem. He had made another mistake and she would have to tell him.

ALL through dinner, she avoided Jim's eyes and made a terrible effort to behave normally. After Lucy had gone out with Johnny Long and Tommy had been put to bed, she went into Jim's den.

"Jim," she said softly, "what was the name of the man who sold you that land?"

Jim looked at her in surprise.

"Was it Albert Silvers?" Martha asked.

Jim flushed with irritation. "So, it's got around. I'll miss out on the deal."

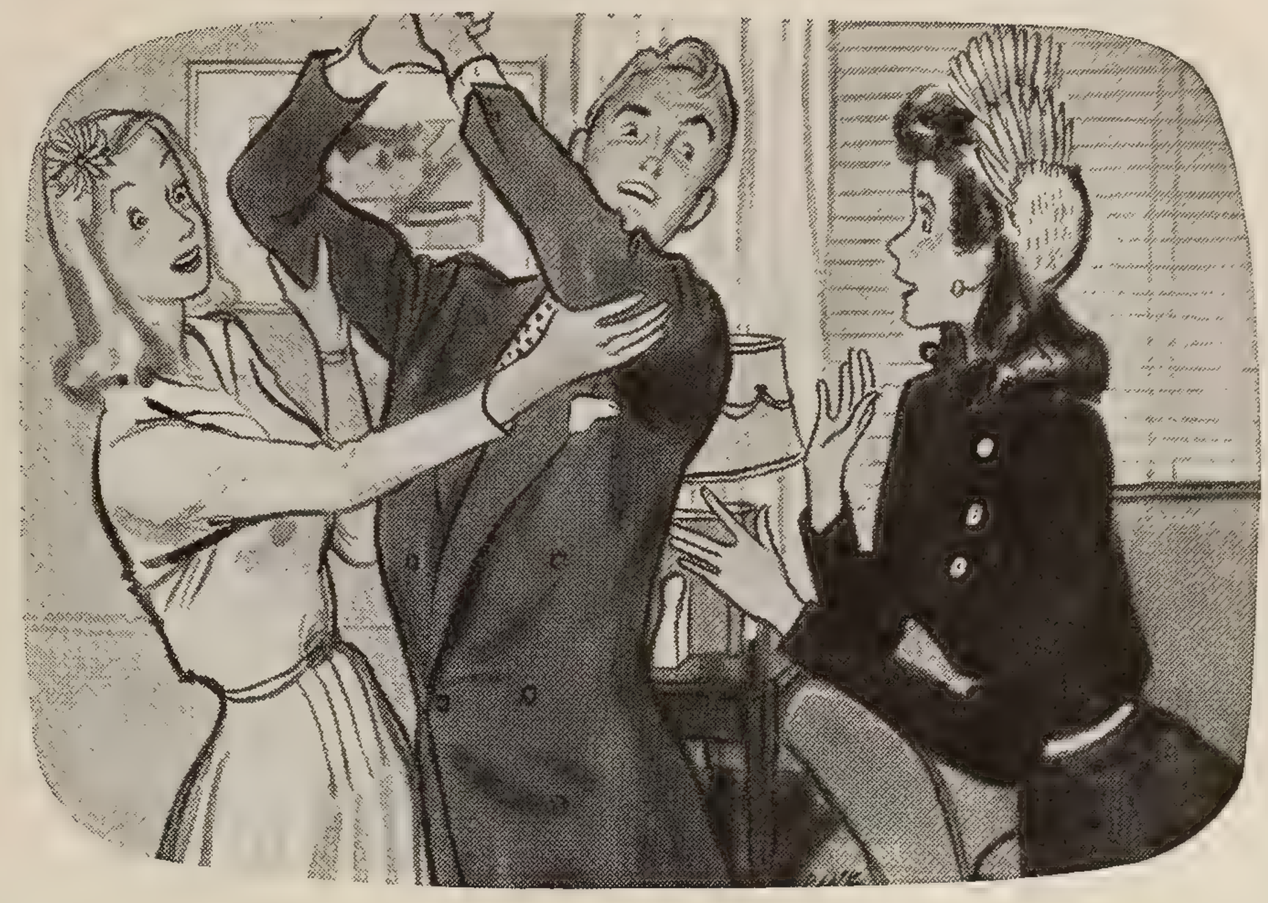
Simply, keeping any hint of criticism out of her voice, Martha told him what she had learned from George Harrison. Jim's face got very red, then it went pale.

"I don't believe it!" Jim said.

Just then the doorbell rang. Martha was annoyed and pretended not to have heard it. She looked at Jim steadily. His lips were colorless.

"It's all right, Jim," she said. "It

"Meet the man who really tamed the shrew"



"What a terrible name to call yourself! And a sweet-tempered person like you . . . it's silly!"

"Believe it or not, I was terrible! If Bob hadn't stepped in, I might still be nervous, haggard, all temper and tantrums like this . . ."

"As pretty a girl as any man could wish! But what's this about tomato juice?"

"Oh! That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of yeast in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. It's delicious."

"Stop it! That's awful!"

"Awful is right! But Bob found the right answer . . . I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"A what?"

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doesn't matter, darling."

His lips twisted into a crooked smile and he stared at her coldly. "It does matter," he said.

The doorbell rang again, insistently. Martha went out of Jim's study, almost running through the long living room, hurrying to still the shrill, repetitious scream of the bell. She wrenched open the door, angrily ready to reprimand the visitor. It was William Moore.

He put out his hand. "Martha," he smiled. "Forgive me for not wiring that I was coming. But I had some business in Chicago and I thought I might just as well bring you those accounts at the same time."

A little dazed and hoping a little that he had brought good news, news that would make Jim forget the loss of the five thousand dollars, Martha greeted William Moore and led him back to Jim's den. She was glad to see that Jim had pulled himself together. He was cordial to the lawyer and even joined in their idle, small talk. His eyes were a little feverish and Martha knew he must be having difficulty in keeping from asking William Moore what his news was.

"I hate to sound too anxious," Martha said, when she couldn't bear the suspense any longer, "but—well, you know."

William Moore smiled apologetically. "Yes," he said, "the money." He took a thick batch of papers out of his brief-case and spread them out on Jim's work table. "That's really why I came out myself. I want to explain it all to you."

For almost an hour, they looked at figures, at additions and subtractions, at deductions and interests. At first, none of it made any sense to Martha, but gradually, with William Moore's patient voice explaining details, she began to see the meaning.

And suddenly, she knew very clearly why her instinct had made her hold back, restrain her dreams and desires, from the first moment when she had heard of her inheritance. Her instinct had been right. She had never been an heiress—not the way Jim and Lucy and Lillian had thought. To her, at this moment, it was not a surprise to learn that when the taxes and debts and lawyers' fees were paid, Uncle Whitney's estate would yield at the most a modest few thousand dollars.

Martha looked at Jim. He had stopped listening to William Moore. He had shrunk back in his wheel-chair, as though he wanted to pull himself away from them, get as far away as possible. Then, he seemed to feel Martha's eyes on him and he raised his eyes to hers. His face was cold, expressionless, but in his eyes there was a smouldering look af accusation and—almost—hatred.

Martha shivered slightly. She could read that look as plainly as if he had put it into words. "It's your fault," his eyes were saying. "It's your fault. You've won again. You've made a fool of me again. You knew this would happen and you let me go ahead. I'm a failure and a fool—but it's your fault."

It will take all of Martha's courage and resource to cure Jim of this twisted resentment and convince him that the loss of her money means less than nothing to her if he will only put his mistake behind him. Be sure to read the conclusion of this moving serial in next month's RADIO MIRROR.

Because I Loved You

Continued from page 37

I'd like very much to take you to dinner."

Although I was annoyed at his presumption, for a wild crazy instant, sheer loneliness tempted me to accept his invitation. Then my better judgment prevailed. No matter how lonesome you are, I told myself firmly, you certainly aren't going to make a date with a man you've never seen before.

"I'm sorry," I said coldly and replaced the receiver. A little later the phone rang a second time, but I wouldn't let myself answer it. The next morning when I turned in my key at the desk I found a letter waiting for me. "Dear Miss Adams," I read. "I'm sorry if I sounded fresh over the phone—I didn't mean to be. I tried to call you back later to explain, but there was no answer. I'm enclosing a ticket for a broadcast. It's only fifteen minutes long, but if you like Southern plantation songs I'm sure you will like the way our quartette sings them. I'm not one of the singers, only the announcer, but I hope you will accept the ticket together with my apologies for any annoyance my phone call may have caused you. Sincerely, Bill Stuart."

I CARRIED the letter and ticket around with me all day, unable to decide whether to attend the broadcast or not. If this were just another effort of Bill Stuart's to make a date with me, I'd be foolish to go, but if the apology were as sincere as it sounded it would be unkind of me to ignore it. In the end I'm afraid it was largely curiosity to see a broadcast that made me go, but after my hasty inspection of the unfamiliar surroundings of the studio it was Bill Stuart, standing by the announcer's microphone, who had my attention.

He was taller than any of the men in the quartette on the opposite side of the platform and he had dark hair which, beneath the lights, showed more than a trace of red. From time to time I saw him glance around the room and I smiled to myself as I realized that he must be trying to decide which member of the audience was the girl he had talked to on the previous night.

When the program was over and the audience was filing out, a girl moved down the aisle toward the platform. I saw Bill step forward eagerly, his face alight, then as the girl called one of the singers by name I saw him draw back, embarrassment and disappointment written on his face. It was this quick change of expression which made me sense that instead of the typical "fresh guy" I had suspected him of being he was an entirely different kind of person—sensitive, but friendly and nice, just like the boys I'd been brought up with. Impulsively I walked toward him and held out my hand.

"I'm Elizabeth Adams, Mr. Stuart."

His face lighted up again and he jumped lightly from the platform, catching my hand in his own. "I'm certainly glad to see you, Miss Adams."

He spoke with such fervor that I felt myself blushing. "I'm—I'm very glad to be here," I stammered.

Bill ignored my embarrassment and asked, "Did you enjoy the program?"

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"Very much," I answered. "I've never seen a broadcast before. I've never," I smiled, more at ease now, "even seen any radio stars before."

"Then let's go down to the drugstore and have a drink," Bill suggested. "One of our big shows goes on at nine o'clock and lots of the stars stop in for coffee or sodas before going on the air."

I felt that I should refuse, felt that I should thank him for the ticket he had sent me and then go back to my hotel, but there was something so warm and appealing in his manner that instead of refusing I said, "Why, I'd like to," and a moment later we were seated in the drugstore and Bill was pointing out star after star whom I had heard on the air but had never expected to see.

BETWEEN times, Bill told me a little about himself, how he had worked his way through a Southern university by operating a small radio station which sold advertising to the local merchants and how he had become so interested in broadcasting that he had given up his intention to practice law after graduation and had gone to work for the Federal Broadcasting Association. He hadn't been here very long and although he was enthusiastic about his work I got the feeling that he had suffered from loneliness as much as I had. I found myself warming to him as he talked about his ambition to make a name for himself in radio— "Though now," he remarked cheerfully, "I'm working for peanuts with only this one show to do."

When we finally left the drugstore we walked slowly back to my hotel and when Bill left me in the lobby with the understanding that we would have dinner together on the following night I felt that we had been friends for years instead of for one short evening.

That dinner was the first of many and before long the loneliness that I found so dreary was only a memory for Bill and I were together almost every moment of our free time. We explored every section of the city, laughing delightedly at our "discoveries," as Bill called them, and as if by magic it became the fascinating, thrilling place I had always pictured in my imagination.

It was only a short time, though, before I had to confess that the magic was due not so much to what I saw as to the fact that I was seeing it with Bill. The Empire Tower became a fairy castle because it was there that Bill said huskily, "You're beautiful, Elizabeth, with the wind whipping your curls around your face." The grimy steps of an elevated station were more picturesque than the marble stairway of a king's palace because it was there that I stumbled one day and Bill, to steady me, caught me close in his arms. Such moments as these made me hope, even believe, that Bill was falling in love with me as I had with him, though he never told me so in words. He never would, I felt, until those words could carry with them the assurance that he could support a wife.

But happy as I was with Bill, my failure to find work clouded that happiness. Before, I had had the comfortable feeling that if a job didn't materialize I could always return home; now the very thought of going home was torture for me, because it would mean separation from him. Spurred on by my love for him, I redoubled my efforts to secure a position. I pored over the help wanted columns in the daily papers, interviewed countless people and wrote letter after letter, obsessed with the necessity to find something —anything—that would keep me close to him. But all my efforts went for nothing and when finally my savings had shrunk to barely enough to cover one more week's hotel bill and ticket home, I had to admit defeat. I would have to go back home.

Bill had been as unhappy as I had been over my lack of success and for this reason I put off telling him my decision as long as I could, but at last I could put it off no longer. We were alone in the broadcasting studio, the same room in which I had first seen him, when I said, "I'm going home at the end of the week, Bill."

Bill didn't say anything and I felt my heart turn cold within me. Suppose I had only imagined that he loved me. Suppose, after all, my leaving would make no difference to him. I held my breath as though my very life depended on his reply, then I saw his face turn pale.

"Elizabeth," he cried hoarsely. "You don't mean that. Oh, my darling, I can't let you go!" He caught me in his arms then and I felt his lips, hard and sweet, against my own. Never had I known such ecstasy as his kiss and never had I known such despair as when he repeated heartbrokenly, "I can't let you go, Elizabeth—and I can't do anything to keep you here!"

For long, bitter-sweet moments we clung together, then I heard the words I had been longing to hear. "I've loved you from the first moment I saw you," Bill whispered. "I've hoped every minute of that time that by some miracle I could get a decent job, so that I could ask you to marry me. And instead," his voice was bitter, "I'll have to let you walk out of my life—because I can't ask you to wait for me." The misery and despair he put into his words were like knives cutting through my heart and to stop his flood of self reproach I lifted my lips to his.

"I'll wait forever, Bill," I sobbed.

That night, for the first time since I was a child, I cried myself to sleep —cried for happiness, because Bill loved me; cried for grief, because there was no hope for our love.

IT was with this hopelessness pounding in my brain that, next morning, I dressed and went downstairs to a miracle that awaited me— a letter offering me a clerical position in the Publicity Department of Bill's own firm, the Federal Broadcasting Association. I knew then how a prisoner must feel when, condemned to solitary confinement, he receives a pardon permitting him to enjoy again the liberty he had once known. It took all my strength of will to keep from shouting for joy there in the lobby, but I forced myself to return calmly to my own room, there to read again the letter and the wonderful news it contained.

Reading it a second time, however, I noticed something odd about it, a sentence that said, ". . . your interview on September 2nd with Mr. Winters of our Publicity Department . . ." The more I thought about it, the stranger it became. It was true that I had applied at Federal for a job; I had done that, at Bill's suggestion, shortly after meeting him. But my

interview had been with an elderly woman in charge of the Personnel Division. I had never seen Mr. Winters or anyone else in the Publicity Department and on September 2nd—why, I hadn't even left home then.

I don't know how many times I read the letter over before the explanation occurred to me—and that explanation turned all my bright hopes to the ashes of despair. The letter wasn't meant for me at all. For the second time my life had crossed with that of the other Elizabeth Adams, for it suddenly became obvious to me that just as Bill's phone call, weeks before, had been intended for her, this letter, too, was hers.

It isn't fair, I cried unhappily, when I need a job so badly, to have it go to someone else. Even as I said the words I felt a new determination within me. That job wouldn't go to someone else—I wouldn't let it. The other girl was gone; she didn't need a job and I did. A man named Marsh had written the letter. I would go to him, explain the situation to him and once he understood that the other Elizabeth Adams was not available, once he understood how vitally important it was for me to have the position—why he couldn't do anything but offer it to me. I snatched up the letter and hurried out.

I GAVE my name to the Publicity Department receptionist and, referring to a memorandum on her desk, she said, "Oh, you came about the clerical position. Mr. Marsh is expecting you. Mr. Winters, who interviewed you, has been transferred to our West Coast office." She handed me a printed form, filled in here and there in neat handwriting. "This is your original application," she explained, "and this," she indicated another blank, "is your employee's record card. Will you please fill it out?" She turned her face to answer the telephone ringing on her desk.

Automatically I dropped my eyes to the application I held in my hand. I noted the name Elizabeth Adams at the top, followed by the line, "Birth place, Blandings, New York." Then I saw something else, a sentence pencilled boldly across one corner of the sheet which fairly leaped out at me. "Interviewed by Mr. Winters," it said. "No one else saw applicant since interview took place during lunch hour." I thought deeply for a moment. "No one else saw applicant." Slowly the significance of those words burned itself into my mind and with it came an idea so fantastic that I can scarcely believe, now, that it ever occurred to me.

If no one except the now absent Mr. Winters has ever seen the other Elizabeth Adams, I found myself thinking, why couldn't I pretend to be the other Elizabeth? It was a frightening thought, but I couldn't rid myself of it. If the Federal people continued to believe that their letter had been delivered to the girl who had been interviewed by one of their executives—why, as easily as that, I could have the job they were offering to her. But if I told them who I really was they might refuse even to consider me for the position. Why not accept this chance, I asked myself, this opportunity offered to remain here in the same city with Bill, rather than risk separation from him by explaining everything? It would be deception, my conscience warned. But it would be a harmless deception, my

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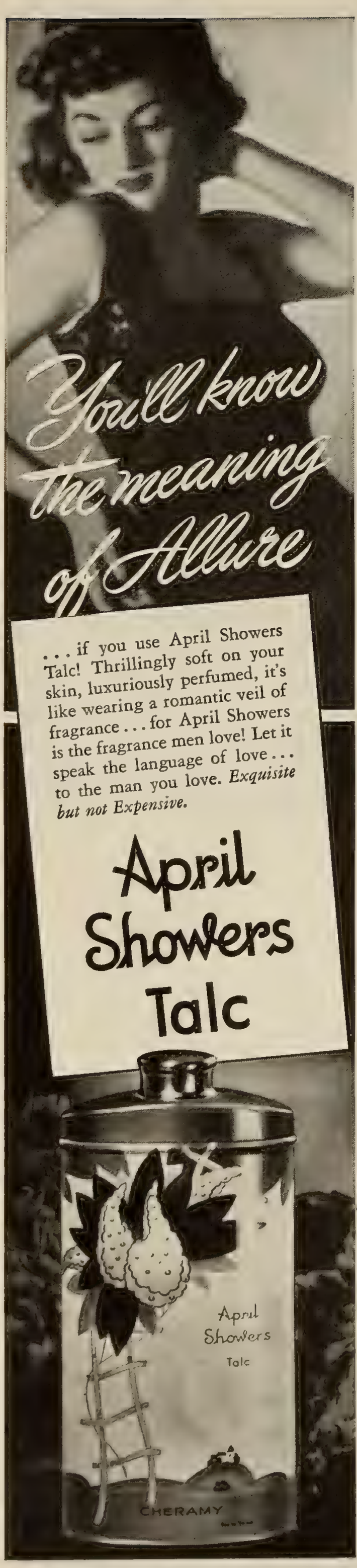


CHERAMY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

thoughts ran on; no one would be hurt by it and my love for Bill certainly justified my grasping at any means to avoid leaving him. Against my frantic determination to stay with Bill the arguments of my conscience had no chance at all and when I left the office half an hour later I left in triumph. My interview with Mr. Marsh had given him no inkling of the fact that I was not the girl I was pretending to be and the job I needed so desperately was mine.

Bill was jubilant when I told him. "Now aren't you glad I persuaded you to register at Federal?" he crowed. "Our luck's turned, honey. Now that I know you love me and that you're going to stay here where I can see you every day, I'll work harder than ever." He reached across the restaurant table and took my hands in his. "There never was a girl like you, Elizabeth," he said tenderly. If I had ever intended to tell him why the job was mine, I forgot my resolution in that moment of happiness.

DURING my first few days at the office I was so nervous that I jumped every time anyone called me by name. Gradually, though, as the days passed and no one suspected, I began to have more self-confidence, even to enjoy my work.

It was one morning near the middle of April that my early fears of discovery swept over me again. I was just taking the cover off my typewriter when the girl at the next desk whispered excitedly, "Mr. Winters is back." My face must have betrayed the fact that her announcement didn't mean anything to me for she went on hastily, "Oh, I forgot. You don't know him. You didn't come here until after Mr. Winters went to California."

All at once her words took on terrible significance for me and I sank weakly into my chair. Karl Winters, the man who had interviewed that other Elizabeth Adams! I had almost forgotten him and when I had thought of him it was with the comfortable assurance that I had no reason to worry about him since he was safely established on the West Coast. But now he was back in New York and, I told myself hopelessly, my pretense would be revealed and dismissal from my job would follow.

"There's Mr. Winters now," my neighbor whispered again. "Isn't he the best looking man you ever saw?"

I turned to look at the man who had stepped out of one of the private offices at the end of the room. He was good looking—there was no denying that—with black hair and brilliant dark eyes set deeply in a tanned face. The other girls in the office crowded around him, welcoming him back with an enthusiasm that told me he was a favorite with all of them, and in spite of my nervousness I couldn't help realizing that there was something very likable about him.

All that day I worked at feverish tension, trying to brace myself for the exposure I expected would follow at any moment. I tried to shut Karl Winters out of my mind, but that was utterly impossible—and it was made more so by the fact that the girl at the next desk chattered about him every moment she could spare from her work.

"I wish he'd stay in this office," she observed wistfully, "but I suppose this will be only a short trip and then he'll go back West."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Oh, his headquarters are really in Hollywood," was the answer. "He only spends a few weeks at a time in this office."

I nodded. That idea was comforting to me, for if this were only a hurried business trip perhaps Mr. Winters wouldn't have time to notice me or to remember that other Elizabeth Adams and my secret would remain safe. I felt more calm after that, but my calmness was only temporary for later on my supervisor called me in to meet him. As I approached the small office which had been assigned to him I felt my palms turn moist with apprehension, but instead of the denunciation I expected he smiled and said impersonally, "I'm glad to know you, Miss Adams. I hope you like working here."

I gave an almost audible gasp of relief as I realized that he hadn't associated my name with that of the girl he had interviewed months earlier and murmuring a breathless, "I—I like it very much," I returned to my desk.

The following morning Mr. Winters brought a number of reports to my desk with the request that I type them as quickly as possible since he would need them for a conference that afternoon. I started on them immediately, but was unable to finish by twelve o'clock so I worked steadily through the noon hour. Everyone else had returned from lunch when I finally completed the reports and took them in to him.

"Thank you very much, Miss Adams," he said warmly. "You must have worked straight through your lunch hour to finish these so quickly."

"That's all right, Mr. Winters," I said. "I didn't mind."

"I was working too," he added wryly. "I'll just have time for a sandwich at the drugstore before going to that conference. Why don't you join me, since we're both so late?" His

Say Hello To-

LEON JANNEY—better known to millions of listeners as Richard Parker on NBC's Sunday-night serial, The Parker Family. Although Leon is still in his early twenties, he's been an actor for more than twenty years. He started in vaudeville at the age of three and worked his way to Hollywood and a Warner Brothers movie contract. When movie work palled he came to New York and has since appeared in several stage plays besides doing his radio job. His hobbies are photography and collecting records; he's on a committee for National Youth for Defense and recently became a volunteer New York City fireman. Occasionally, between radio appearance, he composes music and writes lyrics.

invitation surprised me, but it was so friendly and casual that it gave me no reason for declining, and instead of starting out for a solitary meal as I had expected to do I found myself walking with him toward the elevators.

We chatted animatedly over our coffee and sandwiches—or, rather, Karl Winters talked while I listened. He had been in radio for years and he spoke so interestingly of its early developments and its possibilities for the future that to my surprise I discovered I was enjoying myself thoroughly and that my lunch hour was proving to be one of the shortest I had ever known.

Three or four times after that he gave me typing to do. Occasionally it seemed odd that so much of it should necessitate my working through the noon hour, but I didn't see how I could protest especially since he always expressed his appreciation of my work by asking me to lunch when it was finished. I grew to enjoy these late drugstore lunches, and we became quite friendly over them, so friendly that I often thought how funny it was that at one time I had been afraid that he might make trouble for me by exposing my deception.

KARL had been in New York for a little over a week when Bill was sent to Rochester as a temporary substitute for the announcer on a show which was broadcast from our local station there. The first few evenings after he left I felt like a lost soul. I had been so used to seeing him every night that an evening without him seemed endless and I was almost glad one afternoon when it was announced that the entire staff would have to work that night preparing publicity stories about the stars of a big new sponsored show which was to go on the air the following week. The longer I stayed at the office, I reflected, the less time I would have to think about Bill, and I threw myself into my work with such energy that when I returned at last to my hotel I was completely exhausted.

The next day was one of those strange spring days when the air is as balmy as summer and makes you feel lazy and relaxed. Karl was out of the office most of the day but he returned late in the afternoon and dropping a folder on my desk he asked me to copy the material it contained. By five-thirty everyone had gone, leaving only Karl in his small office and myself, typing busily, in the outer office. When I took the finished reports in to him at six o'clock he thanked me with his usual warmth and apologized for keeping me.

I was about to leave when he said, "I suppose there's a young man in your life who's waiting impatiently to take you to dinner."

I shook my head. "No," I answered morosely, wishing with all my heart that Bill were in town and waiting for me.

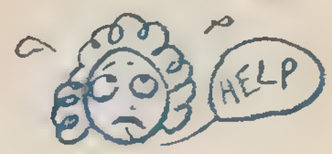
"Then how about having dinner with me?" Karl asked.

I thought of the things I had planned to do; write a letter to Bill and one to my family; read or go to a movie by myself. A dull, lonely evening—and all at once I knew I couldn't stand another lonely evening. "Why, I'll be glad to," I aswered almost gratefully.

"Fine," Karl smiled. "I'll meet you at the Dorchester lobby at seven."

Promptly on the hour I found him

SOME DAYS I'M HAPPY!

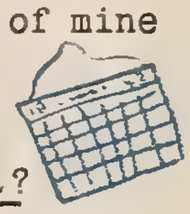


. . . Some days I'm blue . . . like today, for instance.

Even this portable doesn't help. I've played stacks of old favorites, new swings and late boogie-woogies and still the glooms hang on!

So I ask you . . . what's a girl to do? Go out wearing a face full of frowns? Try to grin from ear to ear? Or call things off and stay home?

What I can't figure is how those pals of mine manage to keep going—no matter what day of the month it is.



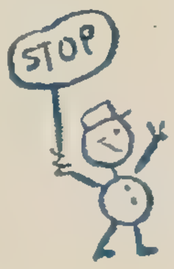
What have others got that I haven't?

They must have something . . . and I'm the gal who's going to find out! How? . . . well, I'll hide my pride and ask 'em. Want to listen in?...

Jane called it comfort! The kind Kotex sanitary napkins give.

She explained that Kotex is different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch. For Kotex is made in soft folds that are less bulky—more comfortable—made to stay soft while wearing!

And, oh, what a pal was Carrie! She put it this way . . . for confidence and poise there's nothing like the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. They don't show even when you go without a girdle!



Nancy simply said . . . Safety first! And thank heavens for Kotex with the moisture-resistant "safety shield" that gives extra protection!

So now I'm singing "So-long Blues!" Now I know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands put together! The best proof that Kotex stays soft!

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waiting for me. We started through the hotel lobby toward the dining room, then Karl stopped abruptly. "It's a shame to coop ourselves up in a restaurant on a night like this," he remarked. "I've got a perfectly good penthouse apartment here in the Dorchester with a terrace that's going to waste. Why don't we have dinner sent up there?"

His suggestion left me rather confused. Dining in a restaurant was one thing, but to go to his apartment. . . . Still, there wasn't any reason not to go, and the terrace would be heavenly after the warm sticky day. I turned to him with a smile, "I think dinner on the terrace is a wonderful idea."

THE terrace lived up to expectations. The light breeze was refreshing and the view of the river, with dozens of small boats puffing and scuttling about, fascinated me. Dinner was excellent, chosen by Karl with great care for my preferences, and we chatted gaily throughout the meal. When the waiter had cleared away the dishes I went to lean on the balcony railing and found the view even more enchanting now that the darkness had deepened and jewels of light were appearing one by one on the opposite shore.

I didn't realize that Karl had followed me, wasn't even aware of his presence until I felt his arms about me, turning me around so that I faced him. I tried to pull myself away, but succeeded only in jerking my head aside so that his mouth brushed my cheek instead of finding my own. His arms tightened around me.

"I love you, Elizabeth," he said softly. "I'm crazy about you."

From inside the apartment there came the sound of the waiter returning with our coffee. Reluctantly, Karl released me and led me back to my chair. With the waiter's eyes on me there was nothing to do but sit down as Karl returned to his own place opposite me. While the steaming black coffee was poured from its silver pot, I struggled to control the shocked disbelief I had felt at his words.

I tried to speak to Karl, wanting desperately to make the scene seem casual, but the few words that formed on my dry lips were meaningless. Karl, dropping a square of sugar in my cup, was more successful, for when he spoke his voice was impersonal yet attentive.

Leaning forward, in almost a confidential manner, he touched my hand gently. "I like the way you wear your hair, Elizabeth. It's much more attractive than the way you wore it last fall."

"But you didn't—" I began to protest. Karl caught up my sentence, free to say the words that choked in my throat.

"Didn't know you last fall?" he prompted. "No, Elizabeth, I didn't. And I'm glad. The thrill of knowing you now has been so much sweeter."

The discreet click of the outer door told us the waiter had left the apartment. For a moment I could only stare at Karl. "You—you don't know what you're saying," I faltered.

"Yes I do," Karl said tensely, "I'm saying that I'm in love with you. That even if I never knew you before, I'm crazy about you."

"Oh no," I protested. "You can't be in love with me. You've only known me—"

"Two weeks?" he broke in. "Two weeks can be a long time, Elizabeth. It was as easy for me to fall in love with you as it was for you to get your job."

There it was, in the open, with all the ugly implications I instinctively had feared when I'd first heard that Karl Winters was back in town. He stood up, came to my side, took my shoulders in his hands.

"I love you—want you," he said, urgency in his voice. "And I think you love me too."

"No!" I jumped to my feet. "I don't, I'm—I'm in love with somebody else."

Anger blazed in his eyes, then quickly died away. "But you told me," he said heavily, "that there wasn't anybody else."

"You misunderstood me," I explained frantically. "I thought you meant—that is, I meant I was free for tonight."

He nodded slowly. "I see." His voice was toneless. "I guess," he said more casually, "I should beg your pardon. Or—" he paused, and there was still a flicker of expectancy in his eyes, —"should you beg mine?"

"Oh—" the exclamation came unbidden to my lips. Half running I went into the apartment, snatched up my purse and hat and fled into the hall, to the elevator that stood waiting. Just before the elevator doors slammed shut, I heard him call, "Elizabeth, wait—"

When I reached the street I fairly threw myself into a taxi and there anger, humiliation, all the emotions I had held so carefully in check during the last few minutes surged through me. Karl had known—must have known from the first—that I was working under false pretenses, that I was not the Elizabeth Adams they thought they had hired. He had been willing to keep silent, as long as he had thought that I might fall in love

Say Hello To-

MARION CLAIRE—soprano prima donna of the Chicago Theater of the Air operettas heard every Saturday night on the Mutual network. In private life, Marion is Mrs. Henry Weber, wife of the talented musical director of the programs. She made her operatic debut in Venice, Italy, in 1926, and her American debut in Chicago in 1928. Then she turned to light opera, and was starred in the big stage production, "The Great Waltz." You saw her in the movies with Bobby Breen in "Make a Wish." She entered radio in 1940, when the Chicago operetta programs first went on the air. Blonde and beautiful, Marion is not to be confused with actress Helen Claire, also blonde and beautiful—but no relation.

with him. But now—involuntarily I recalled the anger that had shone in his eyes—now it would be foolish for me to hope that he would keep silent.

During the rest of the short ride back to my hotel I had to fight to keep from sobbing aloud. I longed for Bill, for the comfort of his arms around me, and when I reached my room it was like an answer to my prayer to find my phone ringing and to hear his voice. The relief of talking to him—even on the telephone—brought me close to hysteria. "Bill! Oh, Bill!" I cried incoherently.

"Pull yourself together, honey," Bill said worriedly, "and meet me at the restaurant around the corner. No matter what's bothering you we'll take care of it."

WHEN I arrived at the restaurant Bill, paying no attention to the waiter, took me in his arms and kissed me as you kiss a frightened child. His calmness, the protectiveness of his embrace, restored my self control and in a few minutes I was telling him what had happened. I told him everything. I confessed the deception through which I had gotten my job, my qualms of conscience about it, and ended by telling him of my dinner with Karl and of Karl's attempted love making. When I reached that part of the story, Bill's face flamed with rage.

"The conceited fool," he muttered. "I'd like to—"

"Don't worry about it, Bill," I interrupted. "It's all over now. Karl will probably have me fired, but that's only what I've expected all along."

Bill subsided and we were silent for a little while, then he said gently, "Don't you think you sort of brought this on yourself, honey?"

"You mean by going to his apartment?" I asked unhappily.

Bill shook his head. "I mean before that," he explained. "Last fall, when you maneuvered to get a job that belonged to somebody else."

"But I wasn't hurting anybody," I said defensively.

"How do you know you weren't?" Bill asked quietly. "You admit that your conscience bothered you. Are you sure that wasn't because you were afraid you *were* hurting someone?"

"I *wasn't* hurting anybody, Bill," I insisted. "I didn't like having a secret from you, but it didn't make any difference between us, really. And I did my work as well as anybody could have done it, so I wasn't cheating the office." Bill didn't answer. He didn't even look at me, only sat there staring above my head, as though he were troubled about something. His silence made me uncomfortable and at last I said, "All right. Since it's so important to you, I'll resign if you want me too. I'll tell Mr. Marsh everything, whether Karl tells him or not."

Bill sighed. "That's not the point," he said patiently. "I don't want you to resign, or confess, or anything just because you think I want you to. I want you to decide what is right."

"What do you mean, Bill?" I asked confusedly. And then, as clearly as though he had spoken, I knew what he meant. "Are you thinking about the other Elizabeth Adams?" I demanded. Bill nodded and for the first time since I had known him I was annoyed with him. Everything I had done I had done because of him and now, instead of sympathizing with me, he was worrying about a girl

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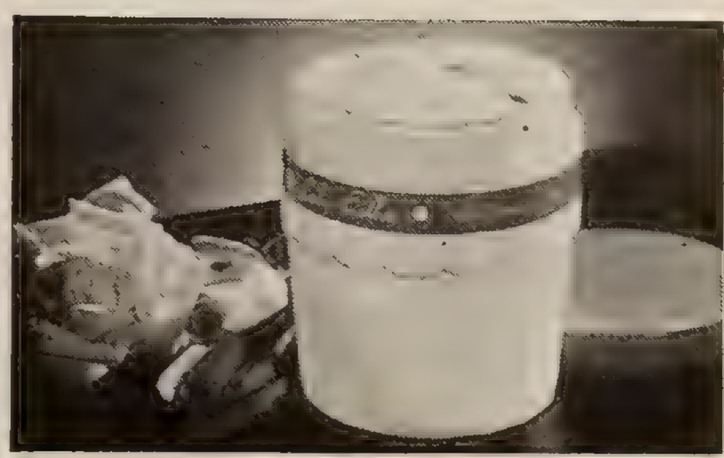

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neither of us had ever seen. "Well, I certainly wasn't hurting her," I snapped.

Bill motioned to the waiter for our check, paid it and then stood up to help me into my coat. It wasn't until we were outside that he said doggedly, "How do you know you weren't hurting that other girl? What makes you so sure?"

"Why, I—" I stopped abruptly, for I realized that I had no answer to his question.

We walked along in silence, a little wall of misunderstanding rising higher between us with every step. When we reached my hotel instead of Bill's usual lingering kiss there was only a brief "Good night, Elizabeth," then he turned and slowly, dispiritedly walked away. I stood as if turned to stone. This couldn't be happening to us. Bill loved me—as I loved him. It wasn't possible that the very means I had taken to keep us together had driven us apart. I took one last look at that unhappy, plodding figure then with a sob I darted through the doorway and ran to my room.

I threw myself onto the bed and cried until I could cry no more. In my ears I could still hear Bill's "Good night, Elizabeth," but gradually its echoes faded and I heard his earlier, inflexible, "How do you know you weren't hurting that other girl?"

At last I sat up in bed and faced the question squarely. I didn't know. I had never known. And that, I realized—as Bill had realized it—was the basis of all my worry. If I had known her, been her friend, I would have made every effort to help her get the job. But because she was a vague, unknown person, I had fooled myself into believing that I owed her no consideration.

I saw now how wrong I had been. I saw too why Bill had acted so strangely when he left me; he was hurt, disappointed at my selfishness and my lack of regard. Then I was remembering something else—that other Elizabeth Adams was a cousin of Bill's roommate at college! She wasn't an unkown, vague person to Bill. I had been miserably blind to the truth he had tried to make me see. But it was clear to me now. There was only one thing to do. I would have to find Elizabeth Adams and atone, in some way, for the wrong I had done her.

I HADN'T any idea where she was living, and if I could help it, I wanted very much not to ask Bill. For then I would have to tell him what I was planning to do, and that would be too much like trying to make him think better of me just for the sake of our love. I did remember that on the original application blank she had filled out she had written down Blandings, a small town in the upper part of the state, as her birthplace. I went to sleep knowing that the next day I would go to Blandings, perhaps to find her there, perhaps only to begin there a long search for her.

The memory of that trip is jumbled now, only a series of stops at small wayside stations, then a tiny village, which was Blandings, where I found the girl I was looking for. And it was then that I felt my greatest self reproach, for I needed only one glimpse of her shy, frightened face to know how defenseless she was; only a hasty glance at the shabby clothes she wore and the drab little house she lived in to tell me that her need for a job was greater than my own.

"Elizabeth had become discouraged, just as I had, when she couldn't get a job," I explained to Bill later. It was the evening of my hurried trip to Blandings and Bill and I were sitting side by side in a booth at the restaurant around the corner from my hotel. "And you were right, Bill," I rushed on, "about her needing work. As soon as I saw her I realized what a terrible thing I had done to her. She isn't very attractive and she seemed pathetic, somehow, as though she had lost all hope. Then when I explained who I was and told her how I had gotten the job that was meant for her, instead of blaming me she was so sweet that I felt more ashamed than ever."

Bill squeezed my hand understandingly. "What happened after that?"

"Elizabeth packed and we caught the next train back to town," I answered. "I took her to Mr. Marsh and when I told him the whole story there wasn't anything he could do but accept my resignation and give the job to Elizabeth. Then I phoned you—and, well, that's all."

Bill grinned reflectively. "Being unattractive may be a help to Elizabeth," he observed. "At least Karl Winters won't pay any attention to her. And I am glad you won't be in the same office with him any longer."

His words brought me back to reality. The excitement of the day had driven all thought of myself out of my mind, but now the realization of my own plight swept over me. Despairingly, I turned to him.

"Oh, Bill, what am I going to do now?" I cried. "Here I am out of a job again, and I can't even hope for a reference from the one I have had!"

Instead of showing concern, Bill continued to grin. "Why do you suppose I got back from Rochester a day early?" he demanded.

I shook my head wonderingly. I hadn't even thought of that. I'd been so glad to see Bill last night that it had never occurred to me to ask why he had returned ahead of time and the bitterness of our parting had driven it further from my mind.

"I was called back to start work on a new show," Bill announced triumphantly. "That big sponsored show that's beginning next week. I'm going to be the announcer."

"Bill!" I breathed, my excitement as great as his own. "Oh, darling, how wonderful!"

"The most wonderful thing about it," he went on eagerly, "is the salary. It's—well, honey, the only job you'll have to worry about from now on is the job of being Mrs. Bill Stuart. Do you think you'll like that job?"

He caught me in his arms then and my "It's the only job in the world for me, Bill," was muffled with his lips.

NEXT MONTH! As soon as you get your April issue, you'll want to sing and play Radio Mirror's Song of the Month, "Lovely," the beautiful ballad Lanny Ross has made so popular on the air and on records

Worlds Without End

Continued from page 17

distant "Halloo." Chris listened intently, then strode to the door and peered out.

"Who is it?" Mary asked.

"Rene Devigny, a trapper who lives up the river. Halloo, Rene," he called.

A compactly built French Canadian appeared in the doorway, knocking the snow off his fur cap and weather-beaten windbreaker.

"Good to see you, Rene. Come in," Chris urged.

The man's eyes caught Mary and his Gallic face lighted up. *"Pas possible.* Much work with the traps before the snow she ees too heavy," he apologized. "I stop only because of thees telegram for you in the village. They ask me to breeng eet on my way." He handed the message to Chris and with a flash of white teeth was gone.

Mary came over to Chris. "What on earth do you suppose it is?"

He held the telegram a minute, then grinned. "Maybe opening it would be a good way to find out." He tore the envelope and read silently.

"Well?" Mary found herself asking almost sharply.

"I think you'd better see for yourself," he said quietly.

SHE took the telegram, unable to account for the sudden bleak chill that came over her. It was dated Quebec, September 15. That would have been almost a month ago. Evidently it had been lying in the village for several weeks. Slowly she read: "Please report to your local headquarters immediately." It was signed, "Commanding Officer, Naval Base, Halifax."

"Oh, Chris," she whispered.

"I should have expected it, I suppose," he tried to sound matter-of-fact. "Remember I told you I was an officer in the Naval Reserve?" Her only answer was a nod. "Probably doesn't mean a thing," he added casually. "Just says to report."

"Besides," Mary said in a small voice, "you're married now. After all, exemptions—"

"Mary!" He startled her with the incisiveness of his manner. "I wasn't married when this all began. If they need me, I couldn't let that make a difference."

She couldn't deny the anxiety in his voice as he finished, "You understand?" Neither could she deny the body blow that fate had dealt her. When words were possible, she said, "I understand that my husband must do what he must do."

Chris caught her hands, looking down at her hungrily, unhappily. "Oh, Mary," the words broke from him like a moan.

She turned away quickly and said, "Darling, we need more wood for the fire. And I'd better start packing. . . ."

Mary never quite knew how they made the trip back to Montreal or what happened those mercilessly few hours that she and Chris had together before he had to leave. They took a small hotel suite where Mary could be close while Chris ran around on last-minute arrangements. At length the car was waiting downstairs to take him to the train. They had agreed it was best that Mary shouldn't come to the station.

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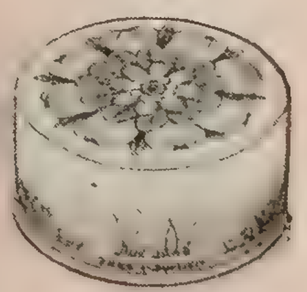

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"This won't be for long. I'm sure to get leave soon," Chris hazarded as the dread moment for leaving drew near.

Sightlessly Mary stowed a razor into the pocket of his bag and snapped the latter shut. "Of course."

"I'll wire you as soon as I know." Chris eyed her anxiously. "Mary—look at me."

She raised wretched eyes to his. "I'm not going to be silly about all this. I know lots of men are leaving. . . . Oh, Chris!" She broke suddenly and went into his arms. "Take care of yourself. Promise you'll take care of your self and come back to me."

"I will, sweet," he comforted her huskily. "And it will be soon."

With a last kiss, half savage, half infinitely tender, he was gone.

Through the days and weeks that followed Mary clung to those words, "It will be soon," said them over and over again fiercely and shared them with Chris' mother with whom she went to live. Chris had asked her if she didn't want to go home to her own people while she waited for him. But Mary had said, "No, Chris, I'm a Canadian now. Remember? . . . And maybe," she added softly, "your mother will be lonesome, too."

The two women found great companionship together in the old Jordan home, roomy and gracious, in Canada's city of cathedrals. But Mary could not conquer her growing fears as time passed with no word from Chris. When at length a note came from him, full of affection but hinting at the pressure under which they were operating, Mary poured out her heart to him in a letter:

"Chris, my darling,

"At long, long last your letter came this morning. I read it a dozen times, then read it to your mother, leaving out only little parts that were specially our own. . . . I know it's silly of me to worry, but I had a rather terrifying dream last night. I was standing out somewhere in the universe and calling to you. I called and called but you didn't answer. So, darling, the first chance you have to send word of any kind—preferably a telegram—please indulge a very foolish wife and tell me you're all right. . . ."

THREE days later the doorbell rang in the middle of the night. Mother Jordan ran down to answer it—a telegram for Mrs. Christopher Jordan. Hesitantly she awakened Mary, who, far from being alarmed, bounded up joyously. This was the telegram she had begged Chris to send. With eager fingers she tore it open and started to read. The words did a macabre dance before her eyes. She tried again: "We regret to inform you that your husband Christopher James Jordan was killed in the line of duty. . . ."

Duty. Her mind fastened on the last word as it spun on a pin wheel of lights within her brain. In the line of duty. The pin wheel enlarged itself to carry the extra words, spinning faster and faster. KILLED! With a crash of lights the pin wheel broke and Mary sank to the floor senseless.

Hours later—eternities later, for all she knew—Mary looked up through a blur at the sad anxious face of Mother Jordan and the kindly one of Dr. Mason, the Jordan family physician. When it became evident she was coming out of her coma, the two stared across at each other with infinite relief. She'll be all right, their look said.

But Mary wasn't all right. For days an apathetic bitterness lay hold of her, broken only by periodic stabs of pain whenever she thought of Chris. At length after an earnest consultation with Mrs. Jordan, Dr. Mason sent for Mary.

"My child," he began carefully, "I'm going to tell you something which may — I hope — make things easier for you. When you collapsed ten days ago, I discovered certain symptoms that indicated more than the usual conditions resulting from simple emotional shock."

Mary stared at him dully. "What are you trying to say?"

"You're going to have a baby."

There was absolute silence in the room. Then Mary said flatly, "It isn't true."

"Yes, Mary, it is," Dr. Mason replied gently.

Slowly realization took hold of her. "And you say this will make things easier!" She glared accusingly at the Doctor and Mrs. Jordan. "His child—to be born months after Chris is dead—to be taken one day as Chris has been taken. His child—to be brought into this meaningless chaos of terror and destruction. I wish to God it weren't true!"

"But, my dear, this is a reason for you to live," Mrs. Jordan urged.

"I had a reason. Chris was my reason—all I asked. And he was taken from me!" Mary's voice rose hysterically. "Well, let me be taken, too. I don't want to live, I don't want his child to live—not in this world!"

She turned and ran from the room, her hard-born sobs filling the halls of the old house until the door of her bedroom shut them away. In her room Mary flung herself on the bed and prayed for oblivion, in whatever form it might be, as a victim of the

Say Hello To-

BOB WALKER—who plays Davy Dillon in Maudie's Diary, heard Thursday evenings on CBS. Bob's great grandfather was one of the founders of Salt Lake City, Utah, and Bob was born there twenty-three years ago. Even when he was in school, he wanted to be an actor, and came to New York as soon as he could after graduation to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. First, though, he had to earn money, and he worked at several jobs—cleaning strawberries in an ice cream factory, being an engine-boy aboard a freighter, and reading scripts for different dramatic and literary agencies. Bob plays tennis and golf, and his greatest ambition right now is to learn to play the piano.

torture chamber prays for death.

Suddenly out of that half-world, whose best-known portals are mental anguish or mortal pain, a world which few have the evidence to prove yet no man has the proof to deny, a voice spoke.

"Mary," it said compellingly. "Mary!"

Mary Jordan checked her weeping and stared into the shadows. "Who are you?" she whispered.

"I am only a messenger," the voice replied. "'They' have sent me."

"Who are 'they'?"

"I cannot tell you. To understand you must come with me."

"Where?"

"Across space and time."

"But I don't want to go!" she cried.

"You must," replied the voice. "It is your one hope to understand."

The walls of the room seemed to drop away and in their place rolled deep swirling clouds. Mary felt as if she was being lifted up and borne along by the bottomless mists. The soft rush of air was cool but strangely she had no sense of chill. Presently she felt herself set down upon firm ground and as the mists rolled away she found she was standing a little distance from a cottage with a low thatched roof. Before the cottage was a young man in the uniform of a strange country. By his side stood a girl and an old man.

AS the younger man spoke, tears of fright and horror coursed down his cheeks. "I ran away, Anna. I had to. But I was not alone. There were others—hundreds of them."

The girl regarded him with shocked surprise. "But you, Paul. I cannot believe it of you."

The old man put in warmly, "Our Paul is no deserter."

"But you do not understand," cried the boy. "The enemy is unbeatable. There is to be a battle tomorrow at the village beyond the hill. The enemy will win and that will be the end of Belgium—of Europe." He turned desperately to the girl. "We must get away, Anna. We'll put everything in the cart and start now. Perhaps somewhere we can find refuge from the conqueror."

The girl Anna seized his arm. "No, Paul. We do not run away. And you will go back to your regiment," she spoke steadily, "now—before they discover you are gone."

"She is right, Paul," said the old man.

"But I cannot go back," the boy protested.

"You can do nothing else." The girl's words carried calm conviction. "Have we not always said that your child would be born here, on the land of his fathers and his fathers' fathers? How can that land be saved for our child if we will not fight for it?"

The eyes of the young man shifted to the ground.

"You will help our army beat this unbeatable conqueror," Anna went on, her voice soaring with the message it carried. "And you will return here to our land—to be with me in my time."

The man gazed at her in transfixed awe. "You are not afraid, Anna. You are not afraid of the war," he marveled.

A glorious smile broke across the plain peasant features of the girl. "I am not afraid. Now go!"

"Yes, Anna," he spoke with a new

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strength born of humility. "I will go."

As he trudged off down the dirt road, the girl turned to the old man. "Uncle, where did he say Napoleon, the conqueror, would be tomorrow?"

The old man replied, "At Waterloo, the village beyond the hill . . ."

As the scene began to disappear in the descending mists, Mary heard the voice beside her say, "Mary, you have heard . . ."

"Yes," she answered wonderingly. "But I still don't understand what—"

"Then come," interrupted the voice. "There are others."

AGAIN Mary felt herself borne aloft, carried forward at space-defying speed in the chamber of clouds. This time, after she had been put gently down upon the earth, the rising mists revealed, standing on the shore of a lake, a large stone house whose heavy doors an angry crowd of peasants was storming. From the brogue of their speech she guessed the country must be Ireland.

On the other side of the doors stood Michael, handsome young nobleman, in the fine old hall of his ancestors, and Kathleen, whom Michael had found like a bit of sunlight dancing across his hills and had married, as his people said, "out of his class."

With a grim mouth Michael was now reaching for his gun. "So it's force they want, is it? Well, it's force they'll have!"

"Michael, no," Kathleen begged, her copper-gold head flung back. "It's half mad they are with hunger. They're my people, Michael, and I know them better than you do. It's not guns will help."

"Nor is it words they'll understand," Michael argued hotly.

"I say it is and I'll prove it to ye!"

Before her husband could stop her, Kathleen had sped to the great doors, unbarred them and thrown them open to the clamoring crowd outside. "What's the meanin' of this?" she challenged the mob.

"You know what the meanin' is," a surly-looking man yelled. "You've food here—you and your great lord—a cellar full of it!"

"That's a lie!" Kathleen replied spiritedly. "There's no more inside these walls than in the house of any one of ye. What we've had we've shared, like all the rest. And 'tis ashamed ye should be for believin' otherwise. Now get on with ye!"

But the angry murmurs began to swell menacingly. Kathleen, quick to sense the danger, took the last plunge.

"You men, brandishin' your staves and hoes—ye'd do better to be workin' with 'em," she scoffed. "This mornin' I saw new plants sproutin' in the valley fields—plants that would grow the faster with some diggin'—if there were men with the brains and the brawn to be doin' it!"

Anger turned to exclamations of surprise. "Ye hear that, ye lazy brawlin' banshees!" one woman cried. "'Tis the new crops. Now, get on with ye and tend to 'em!"

Mulling knots of agitators began to untie themselves and string off down the valley.

"There, Michael, ye see!" A radiant Kathleen turned to her husband. "It was hope they needed. That's all."

"Kathleen," Michael was looking down at his wife with a mixture of pride and quizzicalness. "Are there new plants in the valley fields?"

"A very few," she responded pertly. "But there'll be more. Because if there aren't, then it's the death of Ireland—and the death of Ireland is fair the death of the world. And the world doesn't die, Michael. It gets almighty sick sometimes and sets up a wail of agony. But if ye listen sharp, even in the midst of the wail ye can hear another sound. It's laughter, Michael—the laughter of another day when all this shall be forgotten."

A CHUCKLE broke from her lips. "A phrase, if I do say it meself. Remind me to tell young Michael—shortly after he's born. He'll be proud to know he has such a devilish smart mother."

Michael gazed deep into the eyes of Kathleen. "I can hardly believe it. With the whole countryside mad with fear of the famine, you're not afraid!"

"Sure, and how can I be afraid when I've got your son beneath my heart?" Kathleen said softly. "Would ye have him born a coward . . .?"

Her words grew dim in the ears of Mary Jordan as the mists settled over the lake and blotted out the stone house.

"Now, Mary," the voice beside her spoke again, "do you understand?"

Hesitantly she replied, "Perhaps—a little."

"Then we must make one more journey."

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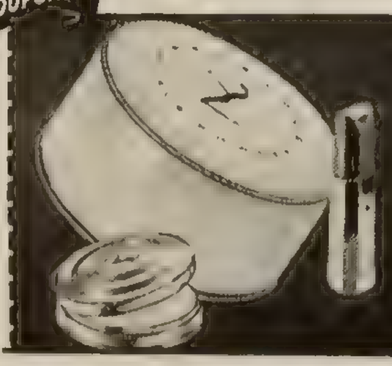

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See your dentist twice a year

Once more Mary found herself caught up in the moving wall of clouds and transported through incalculable space. As her feet touched ground again and the carriage of clouds dissolved, she found herself standing on the steep approach of a narrow pass in a great thrusting mountain range. A wagon train was encamped before the entrance to the pass. By the speech of the people Mary knew with a glad leap of recognition that this was her own America; these mountains were the Rockies.

An excited group of men and women were gathered around a scout who had just returned from the other side of the range.

". . . Can't get through," he was saying. "Martin's outfit is stuck at the only water hole in the pass . . . two-thirds of 'em down with fever . . . dying like flies . . ."

Fever! Dismay sped from face to face.

"Can't we circle around Martin's camp?" asked a tall young Virginian.

"Not unless you can drive your wagons straight up the side of a mountain," retorted the scout. "And I ain't aimin' to head any wagon train for heaven right now!"

THE settlers turned away, shaking their heads. Out of the crowd strode the tall Virginian, his face anxious as he went over to a wagon that had halted away from the others. There a woman, delicately molded under the voluminous calico dress, awaited him.

"What are you going to do, Jim?" she challenged him.

"The others have voted to wait here until the fever breaks on the other side of the range," he answered.

"But that may take weeks, months," she objected. "By then winter will be setting in and we'd have to stay here until spring."

"I know, Sara," he replied wearily. "But what else can we do? We can't go on alone."

"Why not?" she picked him up quickly. "We've got a strong wagon, a good team and plenty of supplies."

"But Sara, Honey, it's too risky," the man argued.

"No it isn't," the woman pled. "You made me a promise, Jim—a farm in California somewhere in sight of the ocean where our child will be born. We'll just have time to get there, Jim. And I'm holding you to that promise!"

For answer he swept her up in his arms and set her on the seat of their prairie schooner. "And you aren't afraid even of the plague?" he asked earnestly.

Lovingly she met his gaze. "There's nothing to be afraid of, Jim—not for us. There never can be!"

The tall Virginian kissed his wife and picked up the reins as the lone wagon pulled out for the trail into the forbidden pass. . . .

Mary watched it misty-eyed until the clouds once more closed in and she heard the voice say, "These were your own grandmothers and mothers of grandmothers, Mary. Three of the numberless women through whom you came into being."

"And they had no fear," Mary whispered. "Neither of war, nor famine, nor pestilence."

"They were women," answered the voice. "Fear is for men who can know the miracle of birth only from a distance. It is the women who are part of the miracle who are given the power to endure."

"I understand." Slowly, warmly tears came again to Mary; not the hysterical sobs of hurt and rebellion but the great welling that is caused by the power of beauty.

GONE was the voice, gone the mists and the chamber of clouds. She was back on the bed in the room and Mother Jordan was patting her hand anxiously.

"Mary, dear," Mrs. Jordan was saying, "try to be calm . . ."

"I'm going to have Chris' child, Mother Jordan," Mary said.

"I know, dear. But you mustn't cry," the older woman soothed.

"These aren't tears." Mary reached up and touched the sweet face of Chris' mother. "These are just—clouds in my eyes," she smiled.

Mrs. Jordan looked at her bewildered. "I don't understand."

"No, but I do. And I'm glad—so glad. Chris will live again in his child. He'll live to hear laughter again!"

Mrs. Jordan gazed at the girl lying on the bed like one beholding a miracle. "Then—you're not afraid any more, Mary?"

"Afraid?" Mary Jordan looked across time and space at a girl named Anna sending her man to war, at Kathleen facing an angry mob and at the lone wagon of Sara and Jim heading up into the forbidden pass.

"Of what?" she said softly.

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Facing the Music

Continued from page 4

his own unit. Six-foot Jimmy Maxwell has succeeded him in the number one trumpet chair in Goodman's crew . . . Benny stays at the Hotel New Yorker until Spring. The engagement was extended when business boomed. Woody Herman takes over after that . . . D'Artega has shelved his dance band for more serious musical work . . . Orrin Tucker succeeds Les Brown in Chicago's Blackhawk late this month . . . Terry Shand, formerly with Freddy Martin, has joined Leo Reisman's band . . . Carmen Cavallaro, one of the slickest pianists in the country, is now heard over NBC from the Rainbow Room, N. Y. His band has been enlarged . . . Another expert ivory-tinkler, Cy Walter, formed a band and has been playing in La Martinique, swank Gotham night club . . . Ted Lewis opens in San Francisco's Bal Tabarin in March . . . Jane Fulton is Joe Reichman's new singer . . . Sammy Kaye is now on tour but he returns to Essex House, New York on May 22.

* * *

When Fred Waring has his weekly luncheon meetings with the song pluggers he plays gin rummy with one of the salesmen after each repast. Loser pays for the whole check.

* * *

The votes are piling up in RADIO MIRROR's annual "Facing the Music" popularity poll. The contest will end shortly so if you haven't balloted for your favorite sweet or swing band, cut out the coupon at the end of this column.

Last month I told you that Hal McIntyre, Glenn Miller's former saxophonist, had formed his own band and played a sneak preview at Glen Island Casino. The results were so good that Hal starts a regular engagement there this month and stays there until Claude Thornhill returns in the Spring.

* * *

The rumors persist that Artie Shaw is tired of it all again and will scrap his band. Another of our temperamental swingsters, Charlie Barnet, has reorganized his band for the umptieth time.

* * *

If they make the film based on George Gershwin's life, Eddy Duchin is a leading candidate for the role.

* * *

For nine years music publisher William Ortman searched for a real song hit. He thought he had one in "The Shrine of St. Cecilia." But Ortman never lived to enjoy the tune's popularity. He became the innocent victim of a bitter Times Square gun battle when a stray bullet hit him. Ortman's song is now a best-seller.

FATE STEPPED IN

IF any prophet had told young Bob Allen, the calmly confident vocalist singing with Hal Kemp's band last year, he was destined to become one of the country's promising new bandleaders, Bob would have laughed derisively and said: "Look, my good man, I'm doing fine where I am. I certainly don't want any part of those bandleader blues."

The handsome, gray-eyed baritone had good reason to reject such a future. For eight years he had been with Kemp's established musical organization, luckily escaping the cheap honky-tonks, stranded tours, and temperamental leaders most other popular singers experienced. Life for him had been pleasantly secure. His beautiful bride of a few months was expecting a baby and Bob knew his ample salary could easily take care of his family's new addition.

Then his peaceful existence crashed suddenly. Hal Kemp was killed in an automobile accident. Legal problems snarled the pilotless band. Plans to keep the men together collapsed when some of the musicians became impatient, accepted other offers.

For the first time since he had left his job as a Cincinnati soda-jerker to join a big league dance band, Bob Allen was without work and entirely on his own.

"I felt suddenly alone," he recalled, "I didn't have much time to consider my future. All I could think about was Margaret and the baby."

After a brief period singing with Tommy Dorsey's band, Bob remembered how often his name had been mentioned in the trade as a potential bandleader. He sought out one of the leading booking agencies, received enough encouragement to map out definite plans. The birth of a baby son in April spurred Bob on.

"The first thing I did was get in touch with Harold Mooney, Hal's old arranger. He worked out a library for me. Then we heard about a promising young band in Cleveland and rushed out there to see if we could take it over. After a few changes in its personnel we were ready to go."

Bob's band broke in last August in a tiny Ohio amusement park, near Columbus. After getting the musical kinks out of their system, the 14-piece band got a test engagement in Brooklyn's Rosemont Ballroom. The first reports were glowing. Critics liked Bob's casual, cheery manner and the band's enthusiasm. They credited arranger Mooney for the smooth coordi-

Rita Hayworth, lovely Hollywood star, as she appeared with Orson Welles on his Monday night CBS show.

nation of clarinet rhythm and brass melody. Only the outfit's over-abundance of novelty tunes were censured.

Recently Bob decided to hire a girl singer for the rhythm numbers. He auditioned 97 applicants before selecting Dotty Lee, a brown-haired Chicagoan formerly with Gray Gordon's band.

Bob was born twenty-eight years ago in Allendale, a small Ohio town near Cincinnati. After high school he decided to study piano and voice, enrolled in Cincinnati's staid Conservatory of Music.

"I was supposed to take twenty lessons," Bob recalled, "but after three of them I got scared to death and quit."

Bob got a job as a soda clerk in that city and practised his singing as he worked. A fudge sundae called for a romantic ballad, a banana split won the customer an Allen rhythm number. A local radio station executive heard about the malted milk minstrel and got him some singing assignments on the air, without pay.

Ben Bernie's band came to Cincinnati in 1933 and Bob auditioned for the Old Maestro. Bernie hired the local youngster for his week's theater engagement, then advised Bob to go to Chicago where there was a dearth of good-looking band vocalists.

Bob took a leave of absence from the drug store fountain, got Hal Kemp's attention one night in the Blackhawk and impressed the leader. He was immediately assigned to share the vocal numbers with Skinnay Ennis.

Bob soon became the "romantic interest" of the Kemp band. Adoring females left their escorts marooned on the dance floor to cluster around the band shell each time Bob raised his voice. Other bandleaders tried to tempt Bob away with better offers.

"I turned them all down," Bob said, "because Hal was more than my boss. He was my closest friend. As for the girls, I had a lot of fun but never took them seriously."

Bob met his wife, Margaret Lee, a kindergarten teacher in Indianapolis, her home town. Each time the Kemp troupe played that city, Bob would look for Margaret. He corresponded with her when he was on the road. In June, 1940, they were married.

The Allens live modestly in a Kew Gardens, Long Island, apartment. Bob admits he made much more money singing with Kemp than he does now as a full-fledged bandleader. His own unit has yet to reach the big money brackets, but the future looks promising. The day I saw Bob he was about to sign with one of the record companies. His band is now playing in New York's Roseland Ballroom and the NBC wires from there will help enormously.

Bob's band doesn't resemble the old Kemp style in any way. The leader believes dance tastes have changed drastically.

"The kids demand better music, better musicians. You know, some of the dancers know so much about the business that they frighten me!"

HARLEM ROYALTY

COUNT WILLIAM BASIE, an important member of Harlem's Royal Family, which numbers such aristocratic jazzsters as Duke Ellington, Earl Hines, and Baron Lee, believes he has his hard-riding swingsters reconciled to the fact that as long as they keep getting engagements in top-notch hotels, movies and theaters, the loudness of the band's music will have to be relatively subdued. Although veteran Basie fans like their music booming and the Basie musician's prefer to play it that way, new converts have to be considered.

The heavy-set pianist explains the toning-down process: "Certain types of audiences like swing music provided it's not too loud. I don't think we have to bust wide open on every occasion. My boys grumbled a bit when I told them we would play softer because it is difficult for them to train their lips to the change in style."

However, the dusky, all-out swingsters are not completely stymied. The Count approves full pressure on their Okeh recordings and during their late evening sessions.

"And if that doesn't satisfy 'em," the Count smiles, "the boys can always go back to Harlem after their night's work and have their own private jump sessions."

Basie treats his men in fatherly fashion. If he issues a new edict, some of the musicians might argue briefly but they soon realize that their leader had the right idea. Ever since the band got its initial break in Kansas City, they have progressed rapidly. Music experts will tell you that this is a much tougher job for a Negro band. Basie is responsible for the success and his men respect him for it.

Despite the musical proficiency of such men as Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, Cab Calloway and John Kirby, there are still many hotels, ballrooms, and

TO BE LOVED, BE LOVELY!

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Evening in Paris

the fragrance of romance

BOURJOIS, NEW YORK

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theaters that will not hire sepia organizations. Only Kirby has a radio commercial.

"Fortunately, things are getting better for the colored musician," Basie says. "Doors that wouldn't open a few years ago now swing wide. Conditions in general have improved but, of course, they still could get better."

Basie was born thirty-six years ago in Red Bank, N. J. His mother taught him piano. After high school he teamed up with a local band and soon was playing in Harlem hot spots. A few years later he wound up in Kansas City, stranded with an itinerant stage show. For a while he played organ in a movie theater. He got back to swing in a small night club, called The Reno, and built up a faithful following. Don Davis, executive at radio station WHB, and Walter Bales, a real estate man, two Basie fans, decided to help. They got him on the air and pulled some strings in New York. Soon after, the Count was playing in Chicago's Grand Terrace and New York's Roseland Ballrooms.

The Count fashioned some solid arrangements for Benny Goodman, including the now famous "One O'Clock Jump."

Basie laughs when novices swoon over boogie-woogie. He knew it when.

"Boogie-woogie has always been around but we just didn't know what to call it."

Although he lives in a spacious apartment near New York's Lenox Avenue, Basie doesn't go there when his work is over. Instead, he makes tracks to Clark Monroe's Uptown House, a Harlem rendezvous for swingsters, Negro and white. Most of his musicians, including the 250-pound vocalist, Jimmy Rushing, and a smattering of customers who don't know when to go home, follow. Then comes an unabated, uninhibited swing session that carries on till dawn. Up there the boys don't hold back for anyone.

16-year-old Rose Marie Lombardo now sings with brother Guy Lombardo's orchestra heard on Saturday nights over the CBS network.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Glenn Miller (Bluebird 11342) "Dreamsville, Ohio"—"Papa Niccolini." An amiable lament to the midwest combined with a cheery novelty that relies on affable Tex Beneke's voice for its best moments.

Russ Morgan (Decca 4069) "Buckle Down, Winsocki"—"Everytime." Rousing football tune for a mythical prep school that is far superior to most authentic ones. The reverse is easy on the ears.

Charlie Spivak (Okeh 6476) "Autumn Nocturne"—"Clock Song." Laurels for the top side. Spivak's trumpet plays the haunting melody beautifully. One of the outstanding tunes of the season.

Kay Kyser (Columbia 36441-36433) "Thank Your Lucky Stars and Stripes"—"How Long Did I Dream?"—"Humpty Dumpty Heart"—"Romeo Smith." Four tunes from the professor's new film, "Playmates" and they run the gamut from pertness to patriotism. All good.

Sammy Kaye (Victor 27666) "Honeybunch"—"No Laughing Matter." Not as stickily sentimental as recent Kaye platters and therefore refreshingly welcome.

Freddy Martin (Bluebird 11347) "Who Are You"—"Whistling in the Night." Now recognized as one of the country's top bands and so appropriate for this pillar to say "I told you so." Here's another Martin smoothie.

Some Like It Swing:

John Kirby (Victor 27667) "Tweed Me"—"Night Whispers." Handsome rhythms that should embarrass larger sized aggregations and their unrestrained brass sections.

Harry James (Columbia 36434) "My Silent Love"—"Melancholy Baby." One of the fast-rising bands shows its ability on a pair of old but still swell tunes. James' blending of brass and strings deserves mention.

Count Basie (Okeh 6475) "King Joe." A most unusual recording combining the talents of three great Negro artists, Basie, Paul Robeson and playwright Richard Wright. It is a tribute to the prowess of Joe Louis done in low-down blues fashion.

Sidney Bechet (Victor 27663) "Laughin' in Rhythm"—"Rippin' Up the Joint." Pure, unadulterated swing if you like it that way.

Benny Goodman (Okeh 6474) "The Earl"—"Let's Do It." Goodman's debut on a more moderate priced disk.

Les Brown (Okeh 6475) "Pushin' Along" — "As We Walk Into the Sunset." Play the top, skip the reverse, for a better appraisal of a fast-rising band.

(**Recommended Albums:** Hildegarde's superb, sophisticated cooing of Cole Porter's tunes from the show, "Let's Face It" for Decca, Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," played by Arthur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra on Columbia.)

RADIO MIRROR DANCE BAND CONTEST BALLOT

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music
Radio Mirror Magazine,
122 E. 42nd Street, New York City.
Please consider this a vote for

..... in your fourth annual dance band popularity poll.

(Voter's name: .....)

Unexpected Romance

Continued from page 7

He drank. The color came back to his cheek. He tried to struggle to his feet unaided and smiled in that embarrassed way sick people do when weakness overcomes them.

"Silly of me to take a dive like that," he apologized. "I've been having a touch of flu." He looked at Bea. "Thanks very much," he said. "You were very sweet."

Bea regarded him anxiously. "You can't walk yet."

"I'll be okay," he insisted. "I'll take a cab over to my apartment and rest till the rebroadcast."

"Is there anyone else there?" she asked.

"I share my place with Mel Allen and Ralph Edwards," he told her. "I'm sure one of them is home now." Allen and Edwards were fellow announcers. (Edwards now has his own show, Truth or Consequences, and Allen announces it.)

"I'll help you to your apartment," Bea volunteered.

"You're very sweet," he said again.

Bea took his arm and he walked weakly to the elevator. Downstairs she got him into a cab. They talked little. Andre lived nearby, and in a few minutes, they were in his apartment. Mel Allen was there. She and Mel made Andre comfortable. Then Bea prepared to leave.

"Won't you stay awhile?" Andre pleaded.

Bea hesitated.

"Just a little while. You've been a great tonic. Imagine waking up from a faint and finding yourself looking into such friendly eyes."

Bea stayed, not a little while, but until it was time to return for the rebroadcast. Andre regained his strength rapidly. But whenever Bea attempted to leave he persuaded her to stay. "Can't you see how much good you're doing me?"

They returned to the studio together, and the rebroadcast of the show went smoothly. Andre had no more spells of weakness. When the program ended, he came over to her. "Won't you go out with me some night soon?" he asked. "How about Monday?"

"I'd love to," Bea said, "and Monday will be fine."

Monday night came and found Bea and Andre in a night club. Still recuperating from his illness Andre was not quite fit enough to dance, so they sat and talked, and discovered that they had so many things in common that their friendship seemed inevitable. They both loved music, they both had started their careers in radio, they both loved sports, they both loved the same kinds of amusements, they both loved the same kind of home, they both loved the same type of friends—it was really remarkable. Bea learned something about Andre's life, and her admiration for him increased. His accomplishments were not confined to announcing—he had studied art in Paris—on a scholarship, too—and he was a very good pianist. In fact, it was as a pianist that he had

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In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes

At 5¢ and 10¢, drug and department stores

hoped to succeed in radio.

They sat at their little table in the club for a long time, until the place was about to close. Then Andre took her home, and as they parted they both knew that they would be together a great deal in the future.

Two weeks later, it seemed to Bea that the days when she was muttering to herself about Andre's alleged kidding attitude towards her were years ago. They had been meeting two or three times a week, and finding increasing delight in each other's company.

Then Larry Clinton, a comparatively unknown musician about to organize a band, heard her sing and decided that she was the girl he wanted for his soloist. He offered her the job.

Bea had never sung solo on the radio before. It was a marvelous opportunity. If the band clicked, she would in all likelihood, share in its success. But there was a frightening obstacle—if she left the Kate Smith program she would not be in the same show with Andre; their work would not bring them together arbitrarily once a week for several hours. Would he then begin to forget her?

She wrestled with the problem. She asked friends whether it would be wise to leave a good job and take a chance on a new band that might fail a month after it started. But in reality she was stalling. She knew it. She wanted to take this opportunity but she was afraid—afraid of losing Andre's love.

But Larry Clinton wanted an answer. She had to make up her mind. So in desperation she asked Andre. She might get a clue to his innermost feelings from the way he answered her.

Andre's eyes brightened. "Of course you've got to go with Clinton," he told her. "You can't afford to pass up such a chance! Go on, make good and see how proud I'll be!"

There was such a sincere concern for her future in his voice, so much eagerness to see her win out, that she realized that this deep interest could not be mere friendship. She felt love in his voice, and she lost her fear.

"Okay, Andre," she said. "I'll take the job."

She left the Kate Smith hour and joined Larry Clinton. Larry did achieve success, and in short order Bea Wain became a success too.

Of all her friends, the proudest was Andre Baruch. And instead of drawing them further apart their professional separation had the effect of bringing them closer together. "Now that we aren't on the same program," said Andre, "don't you think we ought to see each other oftener?" Bea was glad to agree with him.

THAT Thanksgiving Andre, as commentator for the Pathe News films—his side job—was called to work on a short being made at a now defunct place of amusement in New York, the American Music Hall. Here was presented a burlesque revival of an ancient melodrama called "The Fireman's Flame," to the accompaniment of the quaffing of beer and the crunching of pretzels by the audience. The short consisted of samplings of this show.

Bea went with Andre. She seated herself in the back of the auditorium and waited for Andre to get through. It was dim there, at the table under the balcony where she sat. Her mind wandered from the antics on the stage. It was less than two months since that night when she had first gone out with Andre. Only such a short time, and what had happened since then! She and Andre were—she smiled. There had never been any understanding between them, never a word of love. But somehow each had understood, each had sensed that what they felt for one another did not need labeling.

And yet—and yet—if he *did* say the word—

Suddenly she felt a hand cover her hand on the table, press it gently. She turned around startled. It was Andre. He had sat down near her so quietly she had not heard him.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked.

"Oh—nothing much—" She was confused.

"I'll tell you what I was thinking of. I was thinking how happy I would be if you'd say you'd marry me."

She stared at him.

"What was that you said?"

"I said—Bea, will you marry me?"

Silently she nodded her head, and a little radiant smile was on her lips. Andre leaned over. He pressed his lips to hers.

BEA and Andre were married the following Spring. They chose May first for the date of their wedding. May first, the beginning of Summer, the beginning of the glad season. Circling Bea's betrothal finger was a ring for which Andre's father, a Dutch diamond cutter, himself had cut the diamond.

In all radio there appear to be few happier couples than this little girl of twenty-four who has already reached radio stardom, and her attractive announcer-husband. On the first of every month, Andre presents her with a corsage—to mark the monthly anniversary of their marriage. For a husband to make such a ceremonial of a monthly anniversary—monthly, mind you—is about the most graphic indication of the nature of the Baruchs' married life.

Bea and Andre have just fixed up a new apartment overlooking Central Park which contains all the decorations and gadgets they have planned since their marriage. There is an imposing living room done in modern style, with subdued lighting, and with drapes that can be drawn across the entire window wall. Prominent in the room is Andre's concert grand. There is a magnificent bedroom, with the satin-covered bed standing in throne-like isolation; there is a cute kitchen, with Andre's prize citation from an amateur cooking society framed on the wall. (Andre is an adept chef, too, and the citation is for a lobster concoction.) But most attractive of all the rooms, and most popular with the Baruchs, is the den. Here is where they loaf, and here is where Andre has a concealed, but spacious dark-room that will be the envy of every amateur photographer who sees it.

And worked into the floor of the den is a striking design: five musical notes separated by a clef sign. To the left of the clef are the notes A, B—Andre Baruch; to the right, B, E, A—Bea.

This is the love motif of the Baruch establishment.

New Flavor with Fruits

(*Continued from page* 13)

Broiled Chops with Fruit

4 lamb chops (loin, rib or shoulder)
2 medium tomatoes
grapefruit sections (canned or fresh)
¼ lb. fresh mushrooms
2 tbls. melted butter or margarine
Salt and pepper to taste

Place chops, mushrooms and tomatoes (cut in halves) on broiler, brush with melted butter and broil (about 5 inches below flame) until chops are brown. Turn chops, add seasonings, and place one or two grapefruit sections on each chop. Continue broiling until chops are done. Fresh orange or canned pineapple slices may be used in place of grapefruit sections.

Another method for combining meat and fruit flavors is to use fruit in stuffing. I like this one especially for duck or goose.

Fruit Stuffing

2 cups coarse bread crumbs
1 apple
1 cup prepared prunes
1 medium onion 1 tbl. minced parsley
½ tsp. pepper 1 tsp. salt
1 tbl. minced celery leaves
1 tbl. butter or margarine
Boiling water

Prepare prunes by covering with boiling water and allowing to stand for five minutes, then drain, remove seeds and chop. Fry onion, parsley and celery slowly in butter until onion begins to brown at edges. Core and chop apple. Combine all ingredients and add boiling water (½ to 1 cup, depending on your preference for dry or moist dressing). Half a cup of coarsely chopped peanuts may be added if desired.

A tomato and banana combination is a fine accompaniment for broiled steak or chops and goes well with roast, too.

Broiled Tomato and Banana

2 large tomatoes 1 banana
1 tsp. salt 3 tbls. grated cheese
Paprika

Cut tomatoes across into three thick slices. Peel and slice banana thin. Arrange banana slices on tomato slices, sprinkle with grated cheese and add salt and paprika. Broil (about 5 inches below flame) until cheese is brown and tomato cooked through.

Make your pork dinner zestful as well as nutritious by adding fruit to it—like this Sausage Apple Casserole here.

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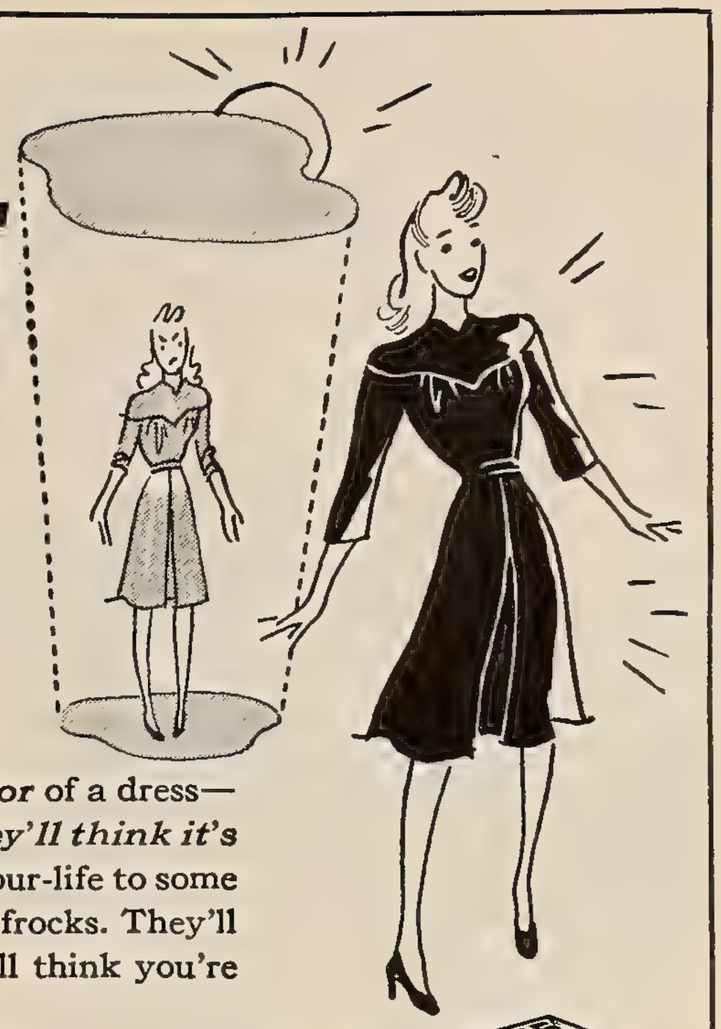

● Men usually notice the *color* of a dress—and if you appear in a new color, *they'll think it's a new dress!* So treat the men-in-your-life to some sparkling new shades for last year's frocks. They'll never know the difference, or they'll think you're a smart one if you tell them!

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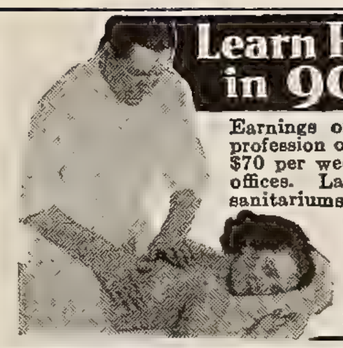

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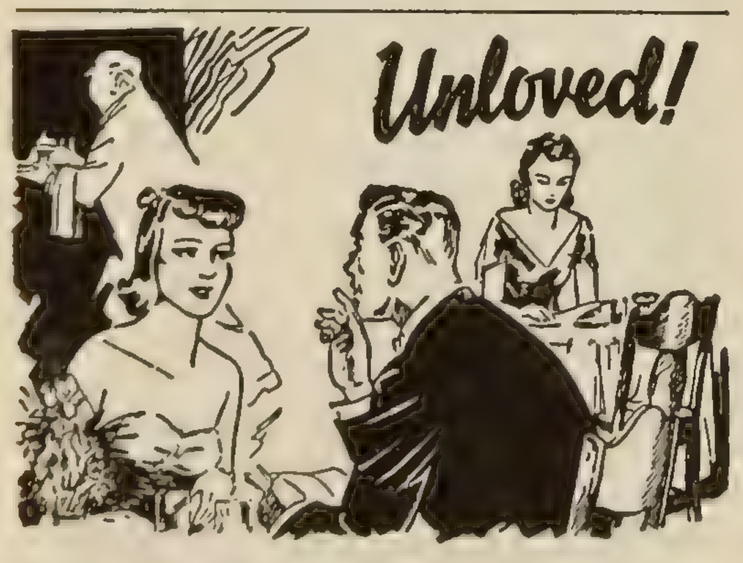

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The Man I Almost Married

Continued from page 35

a girl who wasn't only pretty when she was with the man she loved but pretty all the time. I watched Gil dancing with her and I suppose I must have had some premonition even then, because I wasn't happy for the rest of the evening. I watched how her graceful little figure fitted into Gil's arms as if it belonged there, how golden her cloud of soft-spun hair looked against his dark shoulder, how her small face lifted to his, half provocative, half-shy—and I was afraid.

It was pretty obvious, what Violet did. She wanted Gil and she went after him, with no holds barred. During the weeks after the dance Marcia saw what was happening and warned me.

"She's from my home town. I know her," she said. "She's a gal who wants a lot and always gets it. Look out for her, Jane."

"But Gil," I protested. "Gil wouldn't do that. Gil loves me."

It came just before Commencement. Gil called one night late, and said he had to see me. When he came he looked tense and miserable. He didn't try to beat about the bush. He blurted it out.

"Jane, I'm horribly sorry. It—it's been a mistake, about you and me. I'm in love with Violet Eaton as I never thought I could be in love with anybody—and I want to marry her."

SOMEHOW I managed to hang on to my pride. Somehow I managed to speak steadily and with what dignity I could muster.

"If you're in love with Violet, Gil, I won't try to hold you. Goodbye and—good luck."

And that was that. That was the way it felt to be jilted. *This is a thing that's happened to thousands of girls thousands of times and now it's happened to you.* That was the refrain that accompanied my graduation from Brookmead, saying goodbye to my friends, and going out to get a job.

It accompanied me for months. Jobs were hard to come by but I was well prepared as a teacher and I was lucky in getting a position at a girls' school in a small Massachusetts town. There, behind the cloistering, ivy-creepered old walls, I shut out the world. I stopped writing to any of my friends except Marcia, who stayed on to teach at the high school in Brookmead, our college town. Through her I learned that Violet and Gil were married, and with that news the last vestige of hope that may still have flickered, died and went out.

I threw myself, heart and soul, into my work. I lived for it and nothing else. That was the way to forget. There were no men on our faculty and I was glad. As I had shut out the world, so I had shut out men. I wanted no part of them, and no part of any social life. My spirit was so sore and bruised I never wanted to *feel* again. Never, never would I let my emotions be touched. And so, for four years, I lived like a nun, dedicated only to my young students.

Summer vacations I usually saw Marcia. We would spend several weeks or a month together at some quiet resort. Through her I learned that Gil and Violet had had a baby—then another. But the news left me untouched.

Then, the fourth fall at Plainfield, I met Tom Galloway. He was a young economist from New York and he came up to give a lecture to our senior class. It was a good lecture. I liked it. I liked him too. I couldn't help feeling, all the time he talked, that he looked less like my picture of a dry economist than anyone I had ever seen. Broad-shouldered and clear-eyed, he suggested the outdoors far more than dull tomes on dollars and trends. There was nothing handsome about Tom Galloway, but he was good to look at, with a finely shaped head and humorous mouth. He kept the girls enthralled with a vivid and sometimes wry picture of today's troubled times. After he finished, I went up to tell him how much I had enjoyed it.

WHY he singled me out to talk to I don't know, but he did. Finally he said:

"My train doesn't leave till eleven. I'm going to be awful lonely until then, unless you'll have pity and dine with me."

I started to refuse. Then something in his straightforward smile appealed to me and, almost against my will, I found myself accepting. I, Jane Wingate, dining alone with a man for the first time in over four years!

I soon lost my nervousness. Tom Galloway talked interestingly and well. He was impersonal, yet there was something warm and sympathetic in his eyes.

When he left me at the ivy-covered gates he had only fifteen minutes to make his train. "It's been a grand evening you've made for me," he said. "If I come up next weekend, would you go for a walk with me or a horseback ride, on Sunday?"

I hesitated. "I'm really awfully busy—"

"I know you are. But you're generous too. Weekends are the only

MARCH of DIMES

One of the most exciting programs ever put on the air was the broadcast, January 24, for the March of Dimes, President Roosevelt's birthday fund for Warm Springs Foundation and treatment of infantile paralysis. Bette Davis (left) was just one of the many famous Hollywood stars who took part in the show. All the dramatic sketches were written by radio's brilliant author, Arch Oboler, who also directed the program. Arch was Vice-Chairman of the March of Dimes of the Air Committee, of which Eddie Cantor was Chairman. Because this year's celebration was in honor of the President's sixtieth, or Diamond Jubilee, birthday, the Hollywood stars concerned went "all out" to make the broadcast a memorable one—and if you listened in you know they succeeded.

time I can get out of the city, and it's lonely to take walks or rides alone."

Again, really against my will, I found myself accepting.

After that weekend there were others. Gradually I saw more and more of Tom. He came nearly every Saturday, staying overnight at the Inn in town, and we spent my free hours wandering through the hills, walking or riding, sometimes skiing, always talking. How we talked! About everything in the world from history to football—except myself. He seemed to sense some reticence in me and never asked questions. He told me a great deal about his dreams and ambitions, and I liked him more and more. But never as a man. Only as a good companion. The image of Gil obliterated all men for me, as such, and never once did I think of Tom as anything but a fine friend.

Once we even danced, when the Inn gave a Valentine party. And I, the proper school-marm, wore a white evening dress with a red flower in my hair, and loved it. Tom was a good dancer and once, toward the end, when we waltzed, I lost myself completely in his arms. He held me close as I could feel the beat of his heart. The music enveloped us and flowed softly around us and, for a moment, we were the only people in the world.

When he led me back to our table, Tom looked at me strangely. "Some day, Jane, some day you're going to shed that icy shell you've built around yourself and you're going to be the warm, vibrant, lovely girl you really are underneath."

"Goodness," I laughed, uneasily. He had never said anything like that before. "Does waltz-time always affect you like this?"

"I'm serious. Something—I don't know what—happened once to hurt you and you've been shut up against life ever since. Some day you're going to want to grasp it again—with both hands. I want to be there when you do."

"Why don't you say it now?"

He grinned at me—the old familiar grin I knew so well—and shook his head. "Nope. I've bided my time and I'm still biding it. To say anything too soon would only send you scurrying back into that shell, icier than before. Come on, let's dance."

IT was two days after that Marcia's letter came. "Spring vacation comes early this year—in March," she wrote. "Why don't we spend it together? You could pick me up here in Brookmead, and we could hop in my car and go somewhere for a week away from grading papers and faculty meetings. I want so much to see you before summer. And, frankly, there's something else on my mind. I want you to come back here, Jane dear, just to prove that you can. I know it's full of painful memories, but don't you think you're cured now? You've locked yourself away from the past so long, can't you come back to the place that was most painful just to prove to yourself you're over it? You'd probably see Gil and his fair Violet. They are still living here, you know. That would be the final test and I know you'd pass it with flying colors. Please do, dear."

I sat with the letter in my hands for a long time. Memories flooded back, memories I'd shut out for five years. And suddenly I wanted to do it. I was sure I was cured. This, as Marcia said, would prove it. I felt

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I might even be amused, in a sophisticated way, to see Gil again.

Before I could change my mind, I sent Marcia a special delivery. It was a wonderful idea, I said. I'd come up on the night boat to save time, have a day or so with her in Brookmead, and then we could start out.

From then until the time to go I was eager as a child before Christmas. I was cured. Certainly I was cured. I wouldn't want to go if I weren't, would I? I'd see Gil and look straight at him and he would mean no more to me than—than a fly. By the time I boarded the nightboat I was trembling with eagerness.

I dressed for dinner almost as if I were going to a party. This was an adventure. I was going back—back to show them all that what had happened was all over.

THE waiter showed me to my table and the first course was served. Then a latecomer was seated opposite me and I looked up to see who my companion was to be. The soup spoon clattered to my plate, and I choked back a cry. Looking at me across the table was Gil Forrester.

It was the same Gil, but with a subtle difference. Now there was a slight puffiness under the laughing eyes, a twist to the gay mouth, that was new. He stared at me is if he were looking at a ghost.

"My Lord! Jane Wingate. Why—you're beautiful!"

"Thank you," I said primly, above the deafening thumping of my heart. "You're looking very well. And how are Violet and the children?" That would fix him!

"They're all right," he said. "Tell me about yourself. Where have you been? Where are you going? It's wonderful to see you."

As coolly as possible, I told him my plans. He said he was working with his father. He'd been down to my part of Massachusetts on business and, at the last minute, had decided to take the night boat back. At the last minute, mind you. He leaned across the table. "It's fate, Jane. Meeting you like this. It's like a strange sort of predestination."

It was fate, all right. I knew it when we got up from the table after an hour of pretending to eat. He took my arm to lead me to the deck. All my anticipated "amusement" was gone. I was numb with the shock of him. His fingers sent the same throb through my blood that his touch had always given me, produced the same breathless magic his presence always brought. Outside the dining room I made some excuse to return to my cabin, but he would have none of it.

"You're not going to run away now," he said. "Not after I've found you again."

Still I tried to go, half afraid, but he led me to the rail. A wintry moon struggled through the clouds and turned the river into a shining ribbon, winding through the dark mystery of the hills on either side. It lay on Gil's face as he looked down at me. And suddenly it was five years ago and we had never been away.

"It's like old times, Jane," he said in a low voice, echoing my very thoughts. "The moon on your face . . . remember the night of *our* moon, the one that shone just for us, the night I took you in my arms for the first time. . . ."

"I don't think I do, Gil," I tried to laugh—oh, so cool and poised. "After all, it was long ago."

"Not to me. You've been close to me many times. Haven't you ever thought of me, Jane, all this time?"

"I've been busy."

"I've tried to keep busy, heaven knows. But it's hard to forget . . ." How true *that* was! ". . . especially when you've been a fool, as I was. What happened to me, Jane? We were made for each other, you and I. What made me throw it away?"

I took a deep breath. "People don't always put names to things. You just—didn't love me enough."

"I thought I loved Violet, didn't I? But how could I, comparing her to you?"

"Gil, stop it! Violet is your wife."

"Yes, Violet is my wife," and there was real bitterness in his tone. "Whatever it was we had for each other is long gone now. I had something fine and real, and tossed it away for—this sham my life is now."

"You must not talk like this! You took my life once and broke it to bits. Since then we've each made a new one for ourselves. It's too late to bring things into being again that are better left alone."

He took me by the shoulders and forced my face up to his. "It's not too late! It's never too late for what we've got for each other. I'm going home and tell Violet the truth. I'll make her get a divorce."

"You're talking like a madman! You can't do that. Think of the children. You love them. They need you—"

"They're babies. They'll forget. I loved you first, Jane. And I've needed you all my life—more than my children, more than anything . . ."

His fingers were biting into my shoulders and his words were biting into my soul. I struggled away from him. "I loved you once, Gil. But now I have my work and I live for it." Then as he moved toward me, "No, don't touch me. Let me go, Gil!"

He must have sensed the desperation in my voice, for he dropped his hands. His eyes, bright in the moonlight, seemed to possess me. "All right—we'll talk again at breakfast. I'll never let you go, Jane, now I've found you. I'll dog you in Brookmead, I'll follow you everywhere until you can't say 'no' to me."

I looked at him for a moment, then turned and fled along the dark and silent deck. I locked the door of the cabin and threw myself, still dressed, on the bed. The world whirled crazily. All known and familiar things had dropped away from under my feet. Through all the chaotic thoughts in my mind, four words repeated themselves: Gil still loves me.

FINALLY I got up and undressed. I got into bed and tried to quiet myself. But sleep would not come. I tossed from side to side, wracked by the passion and violence of Gil's words and the long memories they awakened of things I'd thought dead. I got up and paced the floor. Slowly some rationality returned and I made my plans.

I could not face Gil at breakfast. I had to escape. Suddenly I remem-

NEXT MONTH—Be sure to get the April issue of Radio Mirror to read another exciting romance mystery solved by Mr. Keen, Famous Tracer of Lost Persons.

bered Correction Cove and my long ago visit there. It was not far from where the boat would dock, and there I could be completely alone.

I was packed and ready long before the time came for docking. As soon as the boat touched the wharf, I was on shore and in a taxi. Gil would be just coming into the dining salon for breakfast. I thought of wiring Marcia and then discarded the idea. Whatever anxious moments she might have, she would gladly forgive when I explained.

"And so—I came here. . . ."

I LOOKED into the kindly eyes of Mr. Keen, who had sat so still during my long story. He held my gaze. Neither of us spoke. Overhead, sea gulls wheeled and soared.

"And what have you decided?" he said at last, quietly.

"Only that I can't see Gil Forrester again."

"Why?"

"If I were to see him now, or hear his voice," I said miserably, "I would throw all honor and decency to the winds. I'd go away with him, as he wants."

"In spite of Violet and the children?"

"Yes! That's why I *can't* see him. Don't you understand? Violet—well, I don't think I care about her. I loved him desperately, five years ago, and she didn't care. No, it's the children. It was for them I said no the other night on the boat and ran away. . . ."

"You ran away because he said he'd follow you until he made you change your mind."

"Yes. He almost did, and I almost weakened, there in the moonlight."

"The moonlight." Mr. Keen leaned forward and put his hand on my arm. He spoke very earnestly. "Aren't you always seeing Gil Forrester by moonlight, Jane? Wasn't the moon the other night just the lost, sweet echo of a schoolgirl's dreams, where everything is beautiful and a little better than life? If you saw Gil by daylight once, in Brookmead, as other people see him, you'd feel quite differently."

"No, I wouldn't. I know myself better than you do. And I've loved Gil Forrester all my life. There's never been another man—"

"To compare him with. Exactly. You've known one man since Gil, Tom Galloway. But you look on Tom only as a friend because you cannot let yourself look at him with any other eyes than the ones that beheld Gil Forrester and are still dazzled by him. By shutting yourself up in a girl's school, you kept his memory as you wanted it, and your heart stayed a romantic girl's, instead of a woman's. As long as you hide away from the reality of his presence and cherish his memory, you'll never be happy. And you'll always believe you love him."

"I do love him. I do!" The words were torn out of me.

"I wonder. You love him because he's physically strong, and handsome, and knows how to laugh. But what of his character? Can you look at that honestly—and love him? He was engaged to you. A beautiful face comes along and he throws you over. Five years pass. He's used to the beautiful face and knows its faults. So, a few hours after he sees you again, he's ready to break all the vows he made her, for better or worse, and come back to you. Is that strong?"

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"People aren't strong, when they love. Look at me! I'm usually strong and yet when—when I saw Gil, I was weak as water and almost said I'd do what he asked . . ."

"Let's imagine for a moment that you had. Let's say you let Gil get this divorce. He marries you. You're blissfully happy for a while. Then he gets used to you. What will happen when another pretty face comes along—or maybe he sees Violet again? What will happen when the day comes he longs for his children and blames you because he's lost them?"

"Stop!" I cried. "Maybe what you say is true. Maybe Gil is weak. But we can't choose where we love. And I know, in my heart, that if Gil Forrester spoke to me now I'd go in spite of everything."

Mr. Keen had taken out his watch. He didn't seem to hear me. He spoke almost to himself. "I told Tom to allow me a couple of hours. They are just about up now."

"Tom." I sprang to my feet. "Tom here? I won't see him. I can't—"

Mr. Keen was peering over the rocks that formed our shelter. "Here he comes now, looking for us," he said contentedly.

I had the panicky impulse to flee. But before I could no more than utter an exclamation, Tom appeared at the entrance to our little cove. He looked drawn and strained, and his face was pale. He came straight to me. "Thank heaven, you're all right, Jane," he said, grasping both my hands. Then he gave a crooked grin. "You had us worried."

"I'm sorry. I—I couldn't help it."

"I know. It was something you had to figure out for yourself." Then he turned to Mr. Keen. "Have you given her the letter?" he demanded.

"Letter?" I said wonderingly.

Mr. Keen was pulling an envelope from his pocket. He looked at the scrawled inscription, then at me. He held it out. "Gil Forrester asked me to give you this when I found you."

I seized it and tore it open. The irregular handwriting brought back memories of little notes, of cards tied to flowers, of silly valentines five years ago.

I hardly noticed that Tom turned on his heel and walked slowly away, as I devoured the words. Mr. Keen stood by silently.

"My darling," I read. "You don't know what I've gone through since you didn't appear for breakfast the next morning on the boat—how I've suffered and worried. It's been like an agony to me. Come back, my dearest. Come back and let us go on as we were five years ago—before I acted the fool. I haven't told Violet yet, but as soon as I have the word from your own sweet lips, I will! Then we can go away and everything will be as if we'd always been together. Yours, always and always, Gil."

I folded it slowly. Near the horizon the sun blazed forth suddenly, in the glory of sunset. I watched as it stole over the waves, turning them to pale gold, touching the scene around us into warm life. It reached into my heart too, and illumined the words I had just read.

HERE was Gil's voice I'd said I would heed. And all of a sudden it sounded hollow in my ears. There was no real thought in those words of me—nor of Violet, nor the children. There was only thought of Gil himself. How *he* had suffered. He would tell Violet when I said "Yes." Not before. If his marriage was insupportable enough to warrant asking for a divorce at all, why must he be sure of me before he asked it? Surely if he wanted to be free to marry me, he should want to be free anyway. What Mr. Keen had said came back, forcibly. *The lost sweet echo of a schoolgirl's dreams. A girl's heart, not a woman's. When he gets used to you . . .*

And then the sun was like a dazzling light, straight from heaven. With a quick gesture I tore the letter into small pieces and tossed them to the wind. I ran out of the cove and down the beach toward Tom's tall figure.

"Tom!" I called. "Tom, wait!"

He turned and as I ran toward him, I saw his face transformed with the radiance I felt in myself. I ran up to him, caught him by the arms. "You said someday the icy barrier would melt, didn't you, Tom?" I panted. "You said you wanted to say something when it did. What is it you wanted to say? Tell me!"

His arms enfolded me and held me close. "I guess you know," he said in a muffled voice. "I've waited a long time for this—for when you'd want to grasp life again with both hands. Well, I want to be the first thing you grasp. Will you have me, darling?"

"Will I!" I held up my lips, and in the moment of his kiss all false memories died and I knew that I was a schoolgirl no longer, but a woman grown.

After a while we turned and looked back down the beach where I had known such torment and now had found such peace. Far away, walking in the gathering dusk, plodded a short, chubby figure. It was not too dark to see that in every line of that straight back there was satisfaction and happiness at a job well done.

Say Hello To—

JERRY WAYNE—romantic young baritone heard on Burl Ives' Coffee Club over CBS Saturday mornings (incidentally, it's one of radio's pleasantest shows) and with Ted Straeter's orchestra three times a week on Mutual in a program sponsored by Regent Cigarettes. Jerry is twenty-five years old, and was born in Buffalo, N. Y. He went to the University of Buffalo, Ohio State University, and a school of dramatics, which he liked best of all. Armed with his acting talent, he headed for Hollywood, where he appeared obscurely in two unimportant pictures. He dropped acting and concentrated on singing, with the result that soon he was soloist with Bobby Byrne's orchestra and on network shows.

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BROOKS COMPANY 142-A State St., Marshall, Mich.

What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 11

$9.00) which he used for transportation until someone stole it and put him back on his feet.

His most prized possession is a watch chain made of sales tax tokens, which he displays across the waist of his Sunday overalls. His pet aversion he describes as follows: "I don't like to see girls wear them shoes that lets their toes hang out on the ground. It ain't neat."

When Jim gets around to retiring, he's going back on a little farm somewhere near Short Creek. Meanwhile, he finds life very interesting, day and night. "If I sleep on my back," he confides, "I have a nightmare every time. So I often sleep on my back to see what I'll dream."

* * *

NASHVILLE, Tenn. — Distance means nothing to Pee Wee King and his Golden West Cowboys, stars of WSM's Grand Ole Opry. Since August 1 they have played in seventy army camps, naval bases, flying fields and marine barracks, driving more than 40,000 miles to do so—yet every Saturday night they're back in Nashville to make their regular appearance on the Grand Ole Opry. Every Saturday night, that is, except three successive ones when they were on a tour of Texas. In those three weeks some 7,500 fans wrote in asking them to come back to the Opry.

The traveling is done as part of the Camel Caravan which appears in military defense centers to help keep up the morale of the men in uniform. And since Pee Wee and his Cowboys don't intend to give up the Caravan work, and aren't allowed by their fans to give up the Saturday broadcasts, it looks as though they're going to see a lot of country.

There aren't many types of entertainment the Cowboys don't have in their repertoire—comedy, songs of the range, folk tunes from every section of the country, popular numbers from Tin Pan Alley, and even the classics. Individually, they're all stars in their own right. Pee Wee King, the leader, has a smile that seems to be indelible, a fine singing voice, and a thousand-dollar accordion which he plays expertly.

San Antonio Rose is the group's specialist in yodeling. Dressed in one of her numerous fancy cowgirl costumes, she sings high, sustained notes that are so beautiful you forget they're also difficult. Then there's Smilin' Eddie Arnold, the master of ceremonies, who also plays the guitar and sings solos; Fiddlin' Red, the fastest fiddler in fifty counties and champion fiddler of three states, who can tear into the classics with equal ease, and Cowboy Joe, bass player, singer, and comedian in the role of Cicero.

Ford Rush, Jr., was the newest member of the outfit, but he has left for a post in Uncle Sam's Army. J. L. Frank, the Cowboys' manager, is getting discouraged because the last five guitar players he's hired have been drafted. "But anyway," Frank, who used to be Gene Autry's manager, says comfortingly, "we know the Army has at least five good guitar players now."

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NO, Sister, they're not coming over here—not if all the power of American ships and planes, and all the sacrifice of American men can stop them.

But they may try.

If they try, some may get through, for it is a wide sky, and bombs may crash here as they crashed on far-away Hawaii and in the distant Philippines.

Or even if they don't try, the work of enemies within our own gates may bring fires, explosions, damage to our busy defense plants.

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Superman in Radio

Continued from page 40

catapulted from the torpedo stern of the submarine and cut through the water straight toward the ship, white foam bubbling in its wake. In the all-enveloping darkness, no human eye could have followed the path of the death-dealing torpedo but high above the rolling ocean, Superman saw the line of foam trailing the steel fish. For a moment he hung in mid-air then, diving with the speed of light, he landed in the water between the torpedo and its target.

"Good thing I spotted that baby in time. Another ten seconds and it would have been too late—now I guess I can stop it. Okay—here she comes—and plenty fast, too. I've never wrestled a torpedo before—let's see—"

As the torpedo, speeding on its murderous journey, neared him, Superman's great arms reached out. Effortlessly, he stopped it dead and with one great heave, turned it upside down and sent it straight down, headed for the ocean floor!

"Well, that's that. And I have a pretty good idea of what happened to Grayson's ship now. Some foreign power—realizing what a valuable weapon it was—rigged up that cable system and captured it, dragged it to the surface, overpowered its crew and put in a new enemy crew. Then it was sent out against us. I'd better follow until it comes to the surface. Then we'll give them a surpise they won't forget! Up—up—and away!"

In a few minutes Superman saw the sleek lines of the 2SV4 cut the surface. The conning tower hatch opened, two uniformed figures stepped out and his super-keen ears heard the gutteral tones of German:

"Ah, this air feels good, eh, Hans?"

"Ja, Captain Deutch."

"If all the nights are like this—with the sea smooth—we will be home in six days."

"Ja, in six days."

"This will mean a decoration, Hans—the highest decoration from our Fuehrer—for myself and for you and for all the others. We have done something that will go down in history. Imagine, stealing a submarine right from under their noses! Those Americans are stupid animals!"

SUPERMAN waited for no more. The sub rolled as his feet struck the deck. Deutch, frightened, called, "Who's there?" Superman answered: "A stupid American!"

Deutch quickly jerked his heavy automatic from its holster. Pointing it straight at Superman's chest he barked: "Halt!" But a deep laugh was the Man of Tomorrow's only answer. Deutch pressed the trigger, the brilliant glare of the bullets lit the darkness as they shot forward with enough force to tear an ordinary man apart. But they bounced harmlessly off Superman's chest. Then, muttering "So, Americans are stupid, are they?" he sprang at the two Germans. In a moment, they both lay streched at his feet. Superman was ready now for the trip down the hatch:

"I was right. The Germans put a new crew on board. Now to see if they threw our men overboard or are keeping them under guard. Down the hatch—there—down this com-

Continued on page 87

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"Unwilling Widow"—"Borrowed Baby"—"To Keep Myself Pure"—"I married a Prizefighter"—Dozens of smash stories and features.

True Story

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Continued from page 85

panionway. Wait—there's a man with a gun sitting outside a closed door. I'll bet he's guarding Grayson and the Captain—here goes!"

In another second, the German was stretched, unconscious on the floor, and his captives were free. They stared unbelieving at the tall figure in the blue costume with the red cape. He waved away all their questions demanding an explanation.

"Just tell me how many more of this gang is left."

"Two are in the engine room—two are in the diving control compartment. But—wait—who are you?"

Superman didn't answer. He still didn't answer when, short moments later, he was back—his last task accomplished.

"All you have to do now, Captain," he said, "is radio the Naval Base and tell them you're on your way back—at full speed! You have your job to do. I only hope I can do mine as well. Good luck!"

Once again, the Man of Tomorrow had used his great talents for good. But he had his reward—he knew he had served his beloved adopted country well.

Never Try to Get Even!

Continued from page 3

married. Time was when they would no more have left me out of such a party than they would have stopped breathing. But now, it was different.

If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the fury and despair in my heart as I sobbed out the story to my mother.

"I hate them!" I cried. "I hate them! And I'll get even! You'll see. If it is the last thing I ever do, I'll get even!"

Mother was sitting by the window, knitting a sweater.

"Irene," she said quietly, "go over to the mirror and look at yourself."

Wonderingly, I did as I was told. Then she spoke again. "Do you look pretty?" she demanded. "Do you look attractive, with your face all distorted with hate? *Do you, Irene, like the way you look as you vow to 'get even'?"*

Well, I don't know whether or not you've ever looked at yourself in the mirror when you've been hating someone and have been contemplating revenge, but if you ever do, you'll find you are not a pretty sight. At least, I wasn't. I was ugly.

Ashamed, suddenly, I sat down on a stool at Mother's feet. "No, Mother, I don't like myself that way," I confessed.

She spoke again, gently. "Never try to 'get even', Irene. The desire for revenge is a bitter, corroding thing. It will make you old and ugly. It will bring you unhappiness such as you've never known. And besides—" she smiled, faintly, "people get what is coming to them, anyway, without special help. If those girls have been unfair to you, they'll pay. But don't *you* do anything about it. Promise me, dear!"

And so sitting there on that little stool at my mother's feet, I promised. And I've never been sorry I did! As the years went by, I've seen how right she was. Because those two girls paid for their slight to me. Not direct-

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ly, I don't mean that. Fate works in devious ways. But their lives have been bitterly unhappy. The husband of one was convicted of a crime and sent to the penitentiary. The other's marriage was a travesty. She and her husband quarrelled so viciously, for example, that he literally kicked her downstairs, publicly, at the Country Club, one time. If I had wished for revenge, if on that unhappy day when I vowed to "get even," I had had it within my power to call disaster down upon their heads, I couldn't have asked for more than that.

BUT—the thing, is, I didn't. I listended to my mother, and I've been far happier and better for it! That is the point I am trying to make here. It doesn't *pay* to be revengeful!

There was another time, too, when I might have sought and probably could have achieved revenge for an injustice against me. But I didn't—and thank Heaven for it. Because what I did, instead, turned out to be a wonderful thing for me. It happened in San Francisco. I had married again and had two children—and was now faced with the necessity of supporting them. Inexperienced as I was, I secured a position in a real estate office. I was dong well, too, when another woman in the office began to make trouble for me. I suppose she was jealous of my success. Anyway, I had been lucky and was now in control of one of the company's most lucrative renting blocks. If I had brought matters to a showdown, if I had gone to the president of the company and demanded that he discharge one or the other of us, I sincerely believe he would have chosen to let her go because I was making the most money for the company.

But I guess I had grown into the habit, by then, of ignoring a desire for revenge. I didn't want to work with this woman, but I didn't want to bring about her discharge, either. So I left the firm, myself. . . . And came to Hollywood and got work as an extra in pictures. This was the beginning of my career as an actress, which has brought me more success and more happiness than I could ever have earned selling real estate in San Francisco.

Still another time . . . I was fairly well established in Hollywood by now, but good roles still meant everything. A certain studio was casting a big picture, the most important picture ever to be undertaken. And I was slated for the starring feminine role. Of course, I was walking on air. But—I didn't get the role! They gave it to another actress, one of my best friends—I thought. I was heartsick, of course, but I wasn't angry, at first. That came later—when *I learned that this actress, knowing what I was to be paid for doing the picture, had calmly hied herself over to the studio and under-bid me!*

"You're getting Rich for such and such," she told the producer. "Well, I'll do it for less." And that was that. As I say, she got the role.

Beside myself with fury, I started to telephone her. "I'll tell her exactly what I think of her!" I vowed as my trembling finger dialed the number. "I'll tell her she needn't think she can get away with this. *I'll tell her I'll get even if it's the last thing I do!*" But—somehow, I didn't do it. Instead, my anger suddenly spent, I quietly hung up the receiver. "Skip it, Irene," I told myself. "What the heck? Just skip it."

Well, this actress made the picture all right and it was released. It was one of the biggest flops Hollywood ever had. In my wildest dreams of revenge against this actress who did me out of that role, I couldn't have thought up any greater disaster than that.

I am thinking, now, of two women I know, to whom fate or luck or whatever rules our destinies, dealt the same blow. Each had her husband stolen by another woman.

One let it ruin her life. Today, she is broken and beaten, a person to whom one thing and one alone is important. That is her hatred for the "other woman" and for the man who is no longer her husband. I saw her a few weeks ago. She has been divorced only three years but she looks twenty years older. She isn't happy. She isn't resigned. She isn't even normal. She is a most unpleasant person to be with. She has few friends. How can she have friends, when she has nothing but bitterness to offer them?

"But I am getting even!" she said to me. "That ex-husband of mine is paying me alimony, big alimony, and I'll never let him stop! He'll pay through the nose until I'm eighty! There isn't even enough money left over for them to get married on! *Yes, I'm getting even!*"

That's right. She was getting even. But for that revenge she was sacrificing her soul. I wouldn't be in her shoes for a million dollars.

THE other woman I'm thinking of decided to forget. She accepted her alimony only long enough to take a course in business school. Now, she is supporting herself and in so doing is a happy, contented human being, prettier than she ever was, smarter, more charming. Yes, there was enough money, after she ceased demanding alimony, to allow her ex-husband to marry the "other" woman. I suppose it would make a better story to say he wishes, now, that he had his first wife back. That isn't the case, though, this being truth and not fiction. But the truth, is, also, that three people are happy because one of them was big enough and wise enough to "skip" the revenge she might have had.

Which one of these two "wronged wives" would you rather be?

It isn't hard to skip things, once you get the habit. Not long ago, I returned to a community where I had once lived and was entertained at a reception. As I stood in the receiving line, a certain woman came along and, greeting her, I remembered that I didn't like her; that at one time we had been "at outs."

That night, as I was getting ready for bed, I called to my mother. "Mother," I inquired, "do you remember why I don't like ——?"

Then we both laughed at the ridiculousness of my question, and I decided that, since I couldn't even remember why I didn't like this woman, there couldn't be much of a reason. Today, we are fast friends. I haven't yet been able to remember why once upon a time, we were at swords' points.

Someday I shall ask her and if she remembers, we'll probably both have a good laugh. Because old quarrels, no matter how serious at the time, look pretty silly in retrospect. . . . That is, unless you want to spend all of your time working at them.

And who does?

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Tea Pinwheels

LESS THAN 1½¢ EACH

Sift together 2 cups all-purpose flour, 3 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt. Cut in ¼ cup shortening. Slowly add ½ cup milk, to form soft dough. Roll out on lightly floured board into rectangle ¼" thick . . Cream 3 tbsp. butter; add ½ cup KARO (blue label), ½ tsp. cinnamon; mix thoroughly until well combined. Stir in ½ cup drained chopped prunes, ½ cup canned red cherries (drained, chopped). Spread dough with this mixture; roll as for jelly roll. Slice into ½" pieces, place in greased pan. Bake at 425° F. 15-20 minutes. Makes 1½ dozen Tea Pinwheels.

Meat Muffin

ABOUT 15¢ LARGE SERVING

Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ½ lb. ground ham, 1 cup soft bread crumbs. Mix together 2 eggs, slightly beaten, ½ cup milk, ½ cup KARO (blue label); 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper. Open can pineapple wedges, drain; add ¼ cup of the juice to egg mixture. Blend well with meat. Fill greased muffin tins about ¾ full. Arrange 6 pineapple wedges on each muffin. Top muffin with apricot half. Pour ½ tsp. KARO over each. Bake at 350° F. about 35 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

Apricot Betty

ABOUT 8½¢ A SERVING

Drain 1 (No. 2½) can apricot halves. Set aside 12 halves for topping. Melt 3 tbsp. butter; mix with 2½ cups small bread cubes; toss with fork. Stir in ½ cup KARO (blue label), ½ tsp. cinnamon. Arrange alternate layers of bread mixture and remaining apricots in greased individual baking pans. Dot with butter (2 tbsp. for six Betties). Place 2 apricot halves on top of each serving, keeping cut side up. Bake at 350° F. 20-30 minutes . . . Now add ⅛ tsp. corn starch, dash salt to 1 egg white —whip until it begins to hold shape. Add 4 tbsp. KARO (red label), 1 tbsp. at a time, beating thoroughly. Drop half-teaspoonfuls around edge of baking dish and in center of each apricot half. Return to oven, bake 10 minutes. Serve hot.

Sizzling Fruit

ABOUT 10¢ LARGE PORTION

Pour into saucepan juice from 1 (No. 2) can pear halves. Add ¼ tsp. each of cinnamon, ground ginger, cloves; ½ cup KARO (red label), 1 tsp. lemon juice. Cook 5 minutes. Add to this syrup pear halves, 1 (No. 2½) can drained peach halves, 1 (No. 2½) can drained bing cherries. Heat again but do not boil. Remove from heat and serve sizzling hot. Also good chilled. Makes 8 servings.

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